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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

How A Man May Choose A Good Wife From A Bad

1602

Date of the earliest known edition, ... 1602

(*B.M.* C. 34, b. 53.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

How A Man May Choose A Good Wife From A Bad

1602

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

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How A Man May Choose A Good Wife From A Bad

1602

This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. The play was extremely popular, no less than six editions appearing within thirty years of the first known issue—in 1605, 1608, 1614, 1621, 1630 *and* 1634.

Mr. J. A. Herbert once more reports "an absolutely first-rate reproduction, as good as—if not better than—the very best of the series hitherto; and that is high praise."

The attribution to "Joseph Cooke" inserted on the title-page is puzzling. The "hand" is similar to that of other inscriptions on the title-pages of plays formerly in the Garrick Collection, to which this particular volume also once belonged. Beyond this attribution nothing, apparently, seems known of the name. It may, or may not, be a mistaken reading of "Jo. (i.e. John) Cooke," described by Hazlitt as an actor, and the writer of "Greene's Tu Quoque," who, according to the "D.N.B.," fl. 1614. *The B.M. Catalogue makes a triple entry—under the "main title-word Comedy" (!), and also under both "John Cooke" and "Joshua Cooke."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

A PLEASANT conceited Comedie,

Wherein is ſhewed

how a man may chuſe a good Wife from a bad.

Written By Ioshua Cooke

As it hath bene ſundry times Acted by the Earle of Worceſters *Seruants.*

LONDON
Printed for Mathew Lawe, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, neare vnto S. Auguſtines gate, at the ſigne of the Foxe.
1602.

A pleaſant conceited Comedie, wherein is ſhewed how a man may chuſe a good Wife from a bad.

Enter as vpon the Exchaunge, young Maiſter Arthur, and Maiſter Luſam.

Arthur.

I Tell you true Sir, but to euery man
I would not be ſo lauiſh of my ſpeech,
Only to you my deare and priuate friend,
Although my wife in euery eye, be held
Of beautie and of grace ſufficient,
Of honeſt birth and good behauiour,
Able to winne the ſtrongeſt thoughts to her,
Yet in my mind I hold her the moſt hated
And loathed obiect that the world can yeeld.

Luſam. Oh M. *Arthur*, beare a better thought
Of your chaſt wife, whoſe modeſty hath wonne
The good opinion and report of all:
By heauen you wrong her beautie, ſhe is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Lu. O you are cloyed with dainties M. *Arthur*
And too much ſweetnes glutted hath your taſt,
And makes you loath them: At the firſt
You did admire her beautie, praiſde her face,
Were proud to haue her follow at your heeles
Through the broad ſtreetes, when all cenſuring tongues

Found themſelues buſied as ſhe paſt along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both,
Tell me I pray you and diſſemble not,
Haue you not in the time of your firſt loue,
Hugd ſuch new popular and vulgar talke,
And glorified ſtill to ſee her brauely deckt?
But now a kind of loathing hath quite changde
Your ſhape of loue into a forme of hate,
But on what reaſon ground you this hate?

Ar. My reaſon is my mind, my ground my wil,
I will not loue her: If you aske me why
I cannot loue her, let that anſwere you.

Lu. Be iudge all eyes, her face deſerues it not,
Then on what roote growes this hie braunch of hate?
Is ſhe not loyall, conſtant, louing, chaſt,
Obedient, apt to pleaſe, loth to diſpleaſe,
Carefull to liue, chary of her good name,
And iealous of your reputation?
Is ſhe not vertuous, wiſe, religious?
How ſhould you wrong her to deny all this?
Good M. *Arthur* let me argue with you.

They walke and talke.

Enter walking and talking, M. Anſelme, and Maiſter Fuller.

Ful. Oh M. *Anſelme*, growne a Louer, fie,
What might ſhe be, on whom your hopes relie?

An. What fooles they are that ſeem moſt wiſe in loue,
How wiſe they are, that are but fooles in loue:
Before I was a Louer, I had reaſon
To iudge of matters, cenſure of all ſorts,
Nay I had wit to call a Louer foole,
And looke into his folly with bright eyes,
But now ſome louing Loue dwels in my braine,

And frantickly hath ſhouldered reaſon thence,
I am not old, and yet alas I doate:
I haue not loſt my ſight, and yet am blind,
No bondman, yet haue loſt my libertie,
No naturall foole, and yet I want my wit.
What am I then, let me define my ſelfe,
A doatar yong, a blind man that can ſee,
A wittie foole, a bond-man that is free.
Ful. Good aged youth, blind ſeer, & wiſe foole,
Looſe your free bonds, and ſet your thoughts to ſchoole.

Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Luſam.

old Ar. Tis told me M. *Luſam*, that my ſonne
And your chaſt daughter whom we matcht together,
Wrangle and fall at oddes, and brawle, and chide.
old Lu. Nay I thinke ſo, I neuer lookt for better:
This tis to marry children when they are yong,
I ſaid as much at firſt, that ſuch yong brats
Would gree together, euen like dogs and cats.
old Ar. Nay pray you M. *Luſam* ſay not ſo,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but yong
Their vertues would haue made them ſimpathiſe,
And liue together like two quiet Saints.
old Lu. You ſay true, there was great hope indeed
They would haue liu'd like Saints, but wheres the fault?
old Ar. If fame be true, the moſt fault's in my ſonne.
old. Lu. You ſay true M. *Arthur*, tis ſo indeed.
old Ar. Nay ſir, I do not altogether excuſe
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.
old Lu. Ha ſay you ſo, bithmaſſe tis like enough,
For from her childhood ſhe hath bene a ſhrowe.
old Ar. A ſhrow, you wrong her, all the towne admires her,
For mildneſſe, chaſtneſſe, and humilitie.
Old Lu. Fore God you ſay well, ſhe is ſo indeed:

The Citie doth admire her for these vertues.
Old Ar. O sir, you praise your child too palpably,
Shee's mild and chast, but not admir'd so much.
Old Lu. I so I say, I did not meane admir'd.
Old Ar. Yes if a man do well consider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her sexe.
Old Lu. Are you aduisde of that, I cannot tell
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,
But she is, is she, I indeed she is.
Old Ar. What is she?
Old Lu. Euen what you wil, you know best what she is.
Anselme. Yon is her husband, let vs leaue this walke,
How full are bad thoughts of suspition;
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,
Yet cannot change my disposition.
Fuller. Medue cure teipsum.
Ansel. Hei mihi quod mellis amor est medicabilis herbis.
Yong Ar. All your perswasions are to no effect,
Neuer alledge her vertues nor her beautie,
My setled vnkindnes hath begot
A resolution to be vnkind still,
My raunging pleasures loue varietie.
Yon. Lu. Oh too vnkind vnto so kind a wife,
Too vritules to one so vertuous,
And too vnchast vnto so chast a matron.
Yon. Ar. But soft sir, see where my two fathers are
Busily talking, let vs shrinke aside,
For if they see me, they are bent to chide.

Exeunt.

Old Ar. I thinke tis best to goe straight to the house
And make them friends againe: what thinke you sir?
Old Lu. I thinke so too.
Old Arth. Now I remember too, that's not so good,

For

For diuers reaſons I thinke beſt ſtay here,
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?
Old Lu. I thinke ſo too.
Old Arth. Nay we will goe that's certaine. (goe.
Old Lu. I tis beſt, tis beſt in ſooth: theres no way but to
Old Arth. Yet if our going ſhould breed more vnreſt,
More diſcord, more diſſention, more debate,
More wrangling where there is inough alreadie,
Twere better ſtay then goe.
Old Lu. Fore God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate,
And then we may too late wiſh we had ſtaid:
And therefore if you will be rulde by me,
We will not goe that's flat: Nay if we loue
Our credits, or our quiets, lets not goe.
Old Ar. But if we loue their credits or their quiets we
And reconcile them to their former loue: (muſt goe
Where there is ſtrife betwixt a man and wife tis hell,
And mutuall loue may be compar'd to heauen:
For then their ſoules and ſpirits are at peace.
Come M. *Luſam*, now tis dinner time,
When we haue dinde, the firſt worke we will make,
Is to decide their iarres for pitie ſake.
Old Lu. Welfare a good hart, yet are you aduiſe,
Goe ſaid you M. *Arthur*, I will runne,
To end theſe broyles that diſcord hath begunne.

Exeunt.

Enter Miſtris Arthur, and her man Pipkin.

Miſt. Ar. Come hither *Pipkin*, how chance you tread
Pip. For feare of breaking Miſtreſſe. (ſo ſoftly?
Miſt. Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how ſo?
Pip. Can you blame me Miſtris, I am crackt alreadie.
Miſt. Crackt *Pipkin*, how, hath any crackt your crown?

Pip. No

Pip. No Miſtris, I thank God my crown is currant, but.

Miſ. Ar. But what?

Pip. The mayd gaue me not my ſupper yeſternight, ſo that indeed my belly wambled; and ſtanding neare the great ſea-coale fire in the hall, and not being full, on the ſodaine I crackt, and you know Miſtris a Pipkin is ſoone broken.

Miſ. Ar. Sirra runne to the Exchange, and if you there
Can finde my husband, pray him to come home,
Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread
Vntill I ſee him: prethee *Pipkin* runne.

Pip. But Lady Miſtris, if I ſhould tell him ſo, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cauſe but to ſaue charges, Ile rather tell him, if he come not quickly, you will eate vp all the meate in the houſe, and then if he be of my ſtomacke he will runne euery foote, and make the more haſt to dinner.

Miſ. Ar. Thou maiſt ieſt, my heart is not ſo light,
It can diſgeſt the leaſt conceit of ioy:
Intreat him fairly, though I thinke he loues
All places worſe that he beholds me in,
Wilt thou be gone?

Pip. Whither Miſtreſſe, to the Chaunge?

Miſ. Ar. I to the Chaunge.

Pip. I will Miſtreſſe, hoping my M. will goe ſo oft to the Chaunge, that at length he will chaunge his minde, and vſe you more kindly, ô it were braue if my Maiſter could meete with a Marchant of ill ventures to bargaine with him for all his bad conditions, and he ſell them outright, you ſhould haue a quieter heart, and we all a quieter houſe, but hoping Miſtreſſe you will paſſe ouer all theſe Iarres and ſquabels in good health, as my Maiſter was at the making thereof, I commit you

Miſ. Ar.

Miſ. Ar. Make haſte againe I prethee, till I ſee him
My heart will neuer be at reſt within me:
My husband hath of late ſo much eſtrang'd
His words, his deeds, his heart from me,
That I can ſildome haue his company:
And euen that ſildome with ſuch diſcontent,
Such frownes, ſuch chidings, ſuch impatience,
That did not truth & vertue arme my thoughts,
They would confound me with diſpaire & hate,
And make me runne into extremities.
Had I deſeru'd the leaſt bad looke from him,
I ſhould account my ſelfe too bad to liue,
But honouring him in loue and chaſtitie,
All iudgements cenſure freely of my wrongs.

Enter young Arthur, Maiſter Luſam, Pipkin.

Yon. Ar. Pipkin what ſaid ſhe when ſhe ſent for me?

Pip. Faith maiſter ſhe ſaid litle, but ſhe thought more,
For ſhe was very melancholy.

Yon. Ar. Did I not tell you ſhe was melancholy?
For nothing elſe but that ſhe ſent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

Yon. Luſ. O you miſtake her euen vpon my ſoule,
I durſt affirme you wrong her chaſtitie.
See where ſhe doth attend your comming home.

Miſ. Ar. Come maiſter *Arthur*, ſhall we in to dinner?
Sirra be gone, and ſee it ſeru'd in.

Yon. Luſ. Will you not ſpeake vnto her?

Yon. Ar. No not I, will you go in ſir?

Miſ. Ar. Not ſpeak to me, nor once looke towards me?
It is my dutie to begin *I* know,
And I will breake this Ice of curteſie.
You are welcome home ſir.

Yon. Ar. Harke maiſter *Luſam*, if ſhe mocke me not,

You are welcome home sir, am I welcome home,
Good faith I care not if I be or no.
Yon. Lu. Thus you misconster all things M. *Arthur*,
Looke if her true loue melt not into teares.
Yon. Ar. She weeps, but why? that I am come so soone
To hinder her of some appointed guests,
That in my absence reuels in my house:
She weepes to see me in her company,
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy.
She weepes to make me weary of the house,
Knowing my hart cannot away with griefe.
Mist. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you loue my bed,
I would enforce my hart to be more mery.
Yon. Ar. Do you not heare, she would inforce her hart,
All mirth is forct that she can make with me.
Yong Lu. O misconceit, how bitter is thy tast?
Sweet M. *Arthur*, Mistris *Arthur* too,
Let me intreat you reconcile these iarres,
Odious to heauen, and most abhord of men.
Mist. Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words
You do appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these persuasions: and be Iudge
With all indifference in these discontents.
Sweet husband, if I be not faire enough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Only at comming home speake me but faire:
If you delight to chaunge, chaunge when you please,
So that you will not chaunge your loue to me.
If you delight to see me drudge and toyle,
Ile be your drudge, becaus tis your delight.
Or if you thinke me vnworthie of the name
Of your chast wife, I will become your maide,

Your ſlaue, your ſeruant, any thing you will,
If for that name of ſeruant, and of ſlaue,
You will but ſmile vpon me now and then.
Or if as I well thinke you cannot loue me,
Loue where you liſt, only ſay but you loue me:
Ile feed on ſhadowes let the ſubſtance goe.
Will you deny me ſuch a ſmall requeſt?
What will you neither loue nor flatter me?
O then I ſee your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate it is your frownes confound me.
Yon.Lu. Wonder of women: why hark you M. *Arthur*,
What is your wife a woman or a Saint?
A wife, or ſome bright Angell come from heauen?
Are you not mou'd at this ſtraunge ſpectacle?
This day I haue beheld a miracle.
When I attempt this ſacred nuptiall life,
I beg of heauen to finde me ſuch a wife.
Yon.Ar. Ha, ha, a miracle, a progedie,
To ſee a woman weep is as much pittie
As to ſee Foxes digd out of their holes:
If thou wilt pleaſure me, let me ſee thee leſſe,
Greeue much: they ſay griefe often ſhortens life,
Come not too neare me, till I call thee wife.
And that will be but ſildome. *I* will tell thee
How thou ſhalt winne my hart, die ſodainly,
And *I*le become a luſtie widower:
The longer thy life laſts the more my hate,
And loathing ſtill increaſeth towards thee.
When *I* come home & finde thee cold as earth,
Thẽ wil *I* loue thee: thus thou knowſt my mind.
Come M. *Luſam*, let vs in to dine. *(Exeunt.*
Yon.Lu. O ſir, you too much affect this euil,
Pore Saint, why wert thou yoakt thus with a diuel. *Exit.*

Miſ. Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, die ſuddenly,
But that my ſoule was bought at ſuch a rate,
At ſuch a high price as my Sauiours bloud,
I would not ſticke to looſe it with a ſtab.
But vertue baniſh all ſuch fantaſies.
He is my husband, and I loue him well,
Next to my owne ſoules health I tender him:
And would giue all the pleaſures of the world,
To buy his loue if I might purchaſe it.
Ile follow him, and like a ſeruant waite,
And ſtriue by all meanes to preuent his hate.

Exit.

Enter old Arthur, and old Luſam.

old Ar. This is my ſonnes houſe, were it beſt goe in,
How ſay you maiſter *Luſam*?

old Luſ. How goe in, how ſay you ſir?

old Ar. I ſay tis beſt.

old Luſ. I ſir, ſay you ſo, ſo ſay I too.

old Ar. Nay, nay, it is not beſt, Ile tel you why,
Happily the fire of hate is quite extinct
From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,
Should the leaſt ſparke of diſcontent appeare,
To make the flame of hatred burne a freſh,
The heate of this diſſention might ſcorch vs,
Which in his owne cold aſhes ſmothered vp,
May dye in ſilence, and reuiue no more.
And therefore tell me, is it beſt or no?

old Luſ. How ſay you ſir?

old Ar. I ſay it is not beſt.

old Luſ. Maſſe you ſay well ſir, & ſo ſay I too.

old Ar. But ſhall we looſe our labour to come hither,
And without ſight of our two children?
Goe backe againe, nay we will in that's certaine.

old Luſ.

Old Lu. In quotha, do you make a doubt of that?
Shall we come thus far, and in ſuch poſt haſt,
And haue our children here and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne?
It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly:
Come M. *Arthur*, pray you follow me.

Old Ar. Nay but harke you ſir, will you not knock?

Old Lu. Is't beſt to knock?

Old. Ar. I knock in any caſe.

Old Lu. Twas well you put it in mind to knock,
I had forgotten it elſe I promiſe you. (doore,

Old Ar. Tuſh, iſt not my ſonnes and your daughters
And ſhall we two ſtand knocking? Leade the way.

Old Lu. Knock at our childrens doores, that were a Ieſt,
Are we ſuch fooles to make our ſelues ſo ſtraunge
Where we ſhould ſtill be boldeſt? In for ſhame.
We will not ſtand vpon ſuch ceremonies. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

Ful. Speake in what cue ſir do you find your hart,
Now thou haſt ſlept a little on thy loue?

Anſ. Like one that ſtriues to ſhun a little plaſh
Of ſhallow water, and auoyding it,
Plunges into a Riuer paſt his depth.
Like one that from a ſmall ſparke ſteps aſide,
And falls in headlong to a greater flame:

Ful. But in ſuch fiers ſcorch not thy ſelfe for ſhame.
If ſhe be fier, thou art ſo far frō burning,
That thou haſt ſcarce yet warmd thee at her face
But liſt to me, Ile turne thy hart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine ſexe.
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name
To be a perfect wencher: I haue tried
All ſorts, all ſects, all ſtates, and finde them ſtill
Inconſtant, fickle, alwaies variable.

Attend me man, *I* will preſcribe a methode
How thou ſhalt win hir without al peraduẽture.
Anſel. That would *I* gladly heare.
Ful. *I* was once like thee,
A ſigher, melancholy, humoriſt,
Croſſer of armes, a goer without garters,
A hatband-hater, and a buſk-point wearer,
One that did vſe much bracelets made of haire,
Rings on my fingers, *I*ewels in mine eares,
And now and then a wenches Carkanet,
That had two letters for her name in Pearle:
Skarfes, garters, bands, wrought waſtcoats, gold, ſtitcht caps,
A thouſand of thoſe female fooleries,
But when *I* lookt into the glaſſe of Reaſon, ſtrait *I* began
To loath that femall brauery, and henceforth
Studie to cry *peccaui* to the world.
Anſ. *I* pray you to your former argument,
Preſcribe a meanes to winne my beſt belou'd.
Ful. Firſt be not baſhfull, bar all bluſhing tricks,
Be not too apiſh female, do not come
With fooliſh Sonets to preſent her with,
With legs, with curteſies, congies, and ſuch like:
Nor with pend ſpeeches, or too far fetcht ſighes,
I hate ſuch antick queint formalitie.
Anſ. Oh but *I* cannot watch occaſion,
She daſhes euery profer with a frowne.
Ful. A frowne, a foole art thou afraid of frownes?
He that will leaue occaſion for a frowne,
Were *I* his *I*udge (all you his caſe bemone)
His doome ſhould be, euer to lie alone.
Anſ. *I* cannot chuſe but when a wench ſaies nay,
To take her at her word and leaue my ſute.
Ful. Continue that opinion, and be ſure
To die a virgin chaſte, a mayden pure.

It was my chance once in my wanton daies
To Court a wench, harke and Ile tell thee how:
I came vnto my Loue, and ſhe lookt coy,
I ſpake vnto my Loue, ſhe turnd aſide,
I tucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,
But ſhe ſat mute for anger, or for pride:
I ſtriu'd and kiſt my Loue, ſhe cried away:
Thou woulſt haue left her thus, I made her ſtay.
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,
I tooke my Loue and ſet her on my knee,
And puld her to me, ô you ſpoile my band,
You hurt me ſir, pray let me goe quoth ſhe.
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,
And ſtill my Loue I by the finger wroong.
I askt her if ſhe lou'd me, ſhe ſaid no,
I bad her ſweare, ſhe ſtrait calls for a booke:
Nay then thought I, tis time to let her goe,
I eaſde my knee, and from her caſt a looke,
She leaues me wondring at theſe ſtrange affaires,
And like the wind ſhe trips me vp the ſtaires.
I left the roome below and vp I went,
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed:
I askt the cauſe of her ſad diſcontent,
Further ſhe lies, and making roome ſhe ſed,
Now ſweeting kiſſe me, hauing time and place:
So clings me too her with a ſweet imbrace.

Anſ. Iſt poſſible, I had not thought till now
That wemen could diſſemble. M. *Fuller*
Here dwels the ſacred miſtris of my hart,
Before her doore Ile frame a friuolous walke,
And ſpying her, with her deuiſe ſome talke.

Enter as out of the houſe, M. Arthur, Miſtris Arthur, old Arthur, old Luſam, yong Luſam, Pipkin, and the reſt.

Ful. What ſtir is this, lets ſtep but out the way
And heare the vtmoſt what theſe people ſay. *Old Ar.*

Old Ar. Thou art a knaue, although thou be my ſonne,
Haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,
To be a ſtaffe and comfort to my age,
A Pillar to ſupport me, and a Crutch
To leane on in my ſecond infancie,
And doeſt thou vſe me thus? thou art a knaue.
Old Lu. A knaue, I mary, and an arrant knaue:
And ſirra, by old M. *Arthurs* leaue,
Though I be weake and old, Ile proue thee one.
Yong Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleaſure thus
To wrong me with the ſcorned name of knaue,
I will not haue you ſo familiar,
Nor ſo preſume vpon my patience.
Old Lu. Speake M. Arthur, is he not a knaue?
Old Ar. I ſay he is a knaue.
Old Lu. Then ſo ſay I.
Yong Ar. My Father may commaund my patience,
But you ſir that are but my Father in lawe,
Shall not ſo mock my reputation,
Sir you ſhall finde I am an honeſt man.
Old Lu. An honeſt man.
Yong Ar. I ſir, ſo *I* ſay.
Old Lu. Nay if you ſay ſo, Ile not be againſt it,
But ſir you might haue vſde my daughter better,
Then to haue beat her, ſpurnd her, raild at her
Before our faces.
Old Ar. *I* therein ſonne *Arthur*,
Thou ſhewdſt thy ſelfe no better then a knaue.
Old Lu, I mary did he, *I* will ſtand to it,
To vſe my honeſt daughter in ſuch ſort,
He ſhewd himſelfe no better then a knaue.
Yong Ar. I ſay againe *I* am an honeſt man,
He wrongs me that ſhall ſay the contrary.
Old Lu. I graunt ſir that you are an honeſt man,

Nor

Nor will I ſay vnto the contray.
But wherfore do you vſe my daughter thus?
Can you accuſe her of inchaſtitie,
Of looſe demeanor, diſobedience, or diſloialtie?
Speak what thou canſt thou obiect againſt my daughter.
Old Ar. Accuſe her, here ſhe ſtands, ſpit in her face
If ſhe be guiltie in the leaſt of theſe.
Miſ. Ar. O Father be more patient, if you wrong
My honeſt husband, all the blame be mine,
Becauſe you do it only for my ſake.
I am his hand-maid, ſince it is his pleaſure
To vſe me thus, I am content therewith,
And beare his checks and croſſes patiently.
Yong Ar. If in mine owne houſe I can haue no (place,
Ile ſeek it elſewhere, and frequent it leſſe.
Father I am now paſt one and twentie yeares,
I am paſt my Fathers pampring, I ſuck not:
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:
Then if you were my Father twentie times,
You ſhall not chuſe but let me be my ſelfe.
Do I come home ſo ſildome, and that ſildome
Am I thus baited? Wife remember this.
Father farewell, and Father in law adieu:
Your ſonne had rather faſt, then feaſt with you. *(Exit.*
Old Ar. Well goe too wild oates, ſpend thrift, prodigall,
Ile croſſe thy name quite from my reckoning booke:
For theſe accounts, faith it ſhall skathe thee ſomewhat,
I will not ſay what ſomewhat it ſhall be.
Old Lu. And it ſhall skathe him ſomewhat of my purſe,
And daughter I will take thee home againe,
Since thus he hates thy fellowſhip,
Be ſuch an eye-ſore to his ſight no more,
I tell thee thou no more ſhalt trouble him. (ther?
Miſ. Ar. Wil you diuorce whom God hath tied toge-

Or breake that knot the ſacred hand of heauen
Made faſt betwixt vs? Haue you neuer read
What a great curſe was laid vpon his head
That breakes the holy band of mariage,
Diuorſing husbands from their choſen wiues?
Father *I* will not leaue my *Arthur* ſo,
Not all my friends can make me proue his foe.
Old Ar. *I* could ſay ſomewhat in my ſonnes reproofe.
Old Lu. Faith ſo could *I*.
Old Ar. But till *I* meet him *I* will let it paſſe.
Old Lu. Faith ſo will *I*.
Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes *I* part,
Witneſſe theſe teares, thy griefe ſits neare my hart.
Old Lu. Weepes M. *Arthur*, nay then let me crie:
His cheekes ſhall not be wet, and mine be drie. (*Exeunt.*
Miſt. Ar. Fathers farewell, ſpend not a teare for me:
But for my husbands ſake let theſe woes be.
For when *I* weep, tis not for my owne care,
But feare leaſt folly bring him to diſpaire.
Yon. Lu. Sweet Saint continue ſtill this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence.
Mirror of vertue, thankes for my good cheere,
A thouſand thankes.
Miſt. Ar. It is ſo much too deere,
But you are welcome for my husbands ſake,
His gueſts ſhall haue beſt welcome *I* can make. (mon,
Yon. Lu. Then mariage, nothing in the world more com-
Nothing more rare then ſuch a vertuous woman. (*Exit.*
Miſ. Ar. My husband in this humor, well *I* know
Plaies but the vnthrift, therefore it behoues me
To be the better huſwife here at home,
To ſaue and get, whilſt he doth laugh and ſpend:
Though for himſelfe he riots it at large,
My needle ſhall defray my houſholds charge.

Ful. Now

Ful. Now M. *Anſelme* to her, ſtep not backe,
Buſlle your ſelfe, ſee where ſhe ſits at worke:
Be not afraid man, ſhee's but a woman,
And wemen, the moſt Cowards ſildome feare:
Thinke but vpon my former principles,
And twentie pound to a dreame you ſpeed.
Anſ. I, ſay you ſo?
Ful. Beware of bluſhing ſirra,
Of feare and too much eloquence:
Raile on her husband his miſvſing her,
And make that ſerue thee as an argument,
That ſhe may ſooner yeeld to do him wrong:
Were it my caſe, my Loue and *I* to plead,
I haue't at fingers ends, who could miſſe the clout
Hauing ſo faire a white, ſuch ſteddy aime,
This is the vpſhot, now bid for the game.
Anſ. Faire Miſtris God ſaue you.
Ful. What a circuſtance doth he begin with, what an
To tell her at the firſt that ſhe was faire? (Aſſe is he
The only meanes to make her to be coy:
He ſhould haue rather told her ſhe was fowle,
And brought her out of loue quite with her ſelfe:
And being ſo, ſhe would the leſſe haue car'd
Vpon whoſe ſecrets ſhe had laid her loue:
He hath almoſt mard all with that word faire.
Anſ. Miſtris God ſaue you.
Ful. What a block is that
To ſay God ſaue you, is the fellow mad,
Once to name God in his vngodly ſute?
Miſ. Ar. You are welcome ſir. Come you to ſpeak with
Or with my husband, pray you whats your will? (me,
Ful. She anſweres to the purpoſe, whats your will?
O zoanes that I were there to anſwere her.
Anſ. Miſtris my will is not ſo ſoone expreſt,

Without your ſpeciall fauour, and the promiſe
Of loue and pardon if I ſpeake amiſſe.

Ful. O Aſſe, ô Duns, ô blockhead that hath left
The plaine broad hie way, and the readieſt path
To trauell round about by circumſtance:
He might haue told his meaning in a word,
And now hath loſt his opportunitie:
Neuer was ſuch a trewant in Loues ſchoole,
I am aſham'd that ere I was his Tutor.

Miſ. Ar. Sir you may freely ſpeak what ere it be,
So that your ſpeech ſuteth with modeſtie.

Ful. To this now could I anſwer paſſing well.

Anſ. Miſtris I pitying that ſo faire a creature.

Ful. Still faire, and yet I warnd the contrary.

Anſ. Should by a villen be ſo fowly vſde as you haue

Ful. I that was well put in, (bene.
If time and place were both conuenient.

Anſ. Haue made this bold intruſion to preſent
My loue and ſeruice to your ſacred ſelfe.

Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amiſſe.

Miſ. Ar. Sir, what you meane by ſeruice and by loue
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine
I faine would know.

Anſ. That villaine is your husband:
Whoſe wrõgs towards you, are bruted thorow the land.
O can you ſuffer at a Peaſants hands
Vnworthy once to tuch this ſilken skin,
To be ſo rudely beate and buffeted?
Can you endure from ſuch infectuous breath
Able to blaſt your beautie, to haue names
Of ſuch impoiſoned hate flung in your face?

Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that:
That was the leſſon that I taught him laſt.

Anſ. O can you heare your neuer tainted fame

Wounded

Wounded with words of ſhame and infamie?
O can you ſee your pleaſures dealt away,
And you to be debard all part of them,
And bury it in deepe obliuion?
Shall your true right be ſtill contributed
Mongſt hungry Bawds, inſatiable Curtizans?
And can you loue that villain by whoſe deed
Your ſoule doth ſigh, & your diſtreſt hart bleed?

Ful. All this as well as *I* could wiſh my ſelfe.

Miſ. Ar. Sir I haue heard thus lõg with patiẽce,
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,
Inſooth you haue miſtooke me all this while,
And neither know my husband nor my ſelfe,
Or elſe you know not man and wife is one:
If he be cald a villaine, what is ſhe
Whoſe hart, and loue, & ſoule, is one with him?
Tis pittie that ſo faire a Gentleman
Should fall into ſuch villaines company.
Oh ſir take heed, if you regard your life,
Meddle not with a villaine, or his wife. *Exit.*

Ful. O that ſame word villain hath mard all.

An. Now where is your inſtructiõ? wheres the wench?
Where are my hopes? where your directions?

Ful. Why man, in that word villain you mard all.
To come vnto an goneſt wife and call
Her husband villaine, were ſhe nere ſo bad,
Thou mightſt well think ſhe wold not brooke that name
For her owne credit, though no loue to him.
But leaue not thus, but trie ſome other meane,
Let not one way thy hopes make fruſtrate cleane.

Anſ. I muſt perſiſt my Loue againſt my will,
He that knows all things, knowes I proue this ill. (*Exeũt.*

Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and two or three Boyes with their bookes in their hands.

Ami. Come boyes, come boyes, rehearſe your parts
And then *ad prandium iam iam incipe.*
1. Boy. Forſooth my leſſons torne out of my booke.
Ami. Que caperis Chartis deſeruiſſe decet,
Torne from your booke, Ile teare it from your breech.
How ſay you Miſtris *Virga*, will you ſuffer
Hic puer bene indolis, to teare
His Leſſons, leaues and Lectures from his booke?
1. Boy. Truly forſooth I laid it in my ſeate
While *Robin Glade* and *I* went into *Campis*:
And when *I* came againe my booke was torne.
Ami. O *mus* a Mouſe, was euer heard the like?
1. Boy. O *domus* a houſe, M. *I* could not mend it.
2. Boy. O *pediculus* a Louſe, *I* knew not how it came.
Ami. All toward boyes, good ſchollers of their times,
The leaſt of theſe is paſt his Accidence,
Some at *Qui mihi*, here's not a boy
But he can conſter all the Gramer Rules,
Sed vbi ſunt ſoledes, not yet come:
Thoſe *tarde vementes*, ſhall be whipt.
Vbi eſt Pipkin, where's that laizie knaue?
He plaies the Truant euery Saterday:
But Miſtris *Virga*, Ladie *Willowby*.
Shall teach him that *Dilucoli ſurgere*,
Eſt ſaluberrimum, here comes the knaue.

Enter Pipkin.

1. Boy. Tarde, tarde, tarde.
2. Boy. Tarde, tarde, tarde.
Ami. Huc ades Pipkin, reach a better rod,
Cur tam tarde venis, ſpeake, where haue you bin?
Is this a time of day to come to ſchoole?
Vbi fuiſti, ſpeake, where haſt thou bin?
Pip. Magiſter, quomodo vales.
Ami. Is that *reſponſio* fitting my demaund?

Pip.

Pip. Etiam certe, you aske me where *I* haue bin, and *I* ſay *Quomodo vales*, as much to ſay, come out of the alehouſe.

Ami. Vntruſſe, vntruſſe, nay helpe him; helpe him.

Pip. Queſo preceptor, queſo? for Gods ſake do not whip me: *Quid eſt gramatica?*

Ami. Not whip you, *Quid eſt gramatica*, whats that?

Pip. Gramatica eſt, that if I vntruſt, you muſt needs whip me vpon them, *quid eſt gramatica.*

Ami. Why then *dic mihi*, ſpeak, where haſt thou bin?

Pip. Forſooth my miſtris ſent me of an errant to fetch my M. from the Exchange, we had ſtraungers at home at dinner, and but for them *I* had not come *tarde queſo preceptor.*

Ami. Conſter your leſſon, pearce it, *ad vngem Et condemnato*, to Ile pardon thee.

Pip. That *I* wil M. and if youle giue me leaue. (*expone.*

Ami. Propria q; maribus tribuuntur Maſculi dicas expone,

Pip. Cõſter it M. *I* wil, *Dicas* they ſay, *Propria* the proper man, *que maribus*, that loues mary-bones, *maſculi*, miſcald me.

Ami. A prety queint & new conſtruction.

Pip. I warrant you M. if there be mary-bones in my leſſon, *I* am an old dog at them. How conſter you this M. *Roſtra diſertus amat?*

Ami. Diſertus a diſert, *amat* doth loue, *roſtra*, roſt meat.

Pip. A good conſtruction on an emptie ſtomacke, M. now I haue conſterd my leſſon, my miſtriſſe would pray you to let me come home to goe of an errand.

Ami. Your *tres ſequntur*, and away.

Pip. Canis a hog, *rana* a dog, *Porcus* a Frog, *Abeundum eſt mihi.*

Makes a legge, and Exit.

Ami. Yours ſirra to then, and *ad prandium.*

1. Boy. Apis a bed, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor *Deus. Viginti minus vſus eſt mihi.*

Ami. By *Iunos* lip, and *Saturnes* thumbe, It was *bonus, bona, bonum.*

2. Boy.

2. Boy. *Vitrum glaſſe, ſpica graſſe, tu es Aſinus*, you are an Aſſe, *Precor tibi felicem noctem.*

Ami. Claudite iam libros pueri ſat prate bibiſtis,
Looke when you come againe, you tell me *Vbi fuiſtis.*
He that minds triſh traſh, & wil not haue care of his *rodix,*
He I wil be liſh laſh, and haue a fling at his *podix.*

Enter yong Arthur.

Yong Ar. A pretie wench, a paſſing pretie wench,
A ſweeter duck all London cannot yeeld,
She caſt a glaunce on me as *I* paſt by,
Not *Hellen* had ſo rauiſhing an eye.
Here is the Pedant Sir *Aminadab*,
I wil enquire of him if he can tell
By any circumſtance whoſe wife ſhe:
Such fellowes commonly haue entercourſe
Without ſuſpition, where we are debard.
God ſaue you gentle Sir *Aminadab.*

Ami. Salue tu quoq;, would you ſpeak with me?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know, *Mentiri non eſt meum*,
Yong M. Arthur, *quid vis*, what will you?

Yong Ar. You are a man I much relie vpon:
There is a pretie wench dwels in this ſtreet,
That keeps no ſhop, nor is not publike knowne:
At the two poſtes, next turning of the Lane,
I ſaw her from a window looking out:
O could you tell me how to come acquainted
With that ſweet Laſſe, you ſhould command me
Euen to the vtmoſt of my life and power. (ſir,

Ami. Dij boni, boni, tis my Loue he meanes,
But I will keep it from this Gentleman,
And ſo I hope make triall of my Loue.

Yon. Ar. If I obtain her, thou ſhalt win therby,
More then at this time I will promiſe thee.

Ami.

Ami. *Quando venis aput*, I ſhall haue two horns on my *Caput.*

Yon.Ar. What if her husband come & find one there?

Ami. *Nuncquam*, time neuer feare,
She is vnmaried I ſweare.
But if I helpe you to the deed,
Tu vis narrare, how you ſpeed.

Yong Ar. Tell how I ſpeed, I ſir I will to you:
Then preſently about it. Many thankes
For this great kindnes Sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. If my *Puella* proue a drab
Ile be reuengd on both: *ambo* ſhall die,
Shall die by what, for *ego* I
Haue neuer handled I thanke God,
Other weapon then a rod:
I dare not fight for all my ſpeeches,
Sed cane, if I take him thus
Ego ſum expers at vntruſſe. *(Exeunt.*

Enter Iuſtice Reaſon, old Arthur, old Luſam, Miſtris Arthur, yong Luſam, and Hugh.

Old Ar. We Maiſter Iuſtice *Reaſon* come about
A ſerious matter that concernes vs neare.

Old Lu. I mary doth it ſir concerne vs neare:
Would God ſir you would take ſome order for it.

Old Ar. Why looke ye M. *Luſam*, you are ſuch another
You will be talking, what concernes vs neare,
And know not why we come to M. Iuſtice.

Old Lu. How, know not I?

Old Ar. No ſir not you.

Old Lu. Well I know ſomewhat, though I know not (that,
Then on I pray you.

Iuſt. Forward I pray, yet the caſe is plaine.

Old Ar. Why ſir as yet you do not know the caſe.

Old Lu. Well he knows ſomewhat, forward M. *Arthur.*

old Ar. And as I told you, my vnruly ſonne
Once hauing bid his wife home to my houſe,
There tooke occaſion to be much agreeu'd
About ſome houſhold matters of his owne,
And in plaine termes they fell in controuerſie.
Ol. Lu. Tis true ſir, I was there the ſelfſame time,
And I remember many of the words.
old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North, to ſee ſome friends of yours.
old Lu. Well I was ſomewhere, forward M. *Arthur*.
Iuſt. All this is well, no fault is to be found
In either of the parties, pray ſay on.
old Ar. Why ſir I haue not nam'd the parties yet,
Nor tucht the fault that is complaind vpon.
old Lu. Wel you tucht ſomewhat: forward M. *Arthur*.
old Ar. And as I ſaid, they fell in controuerſie:
My ſonne not like a husband gaue her words
Of great reproofe, deſpight, and contumely:
Which ſhe poore ſoule diſgeſted patiently:
This was the firſt time of their falling out.
As I remember at the ſelfe ſame time
One *Thomas* the Earle of *Surreys* gentleman
Dinde at my table.
old Lu. O I knew him well.
old Ar. You are the ſtrangeſt man, this gentle-(man
That I ſpeak of, I am ſure you neuer ſaw,
He came but lately from beyond the ſea. (ſir.
old Lu. I am ſure I know one *Thomas* forward
Iuſt. And is this all? make mea *Mittimus*,
And ſend the offender ſtraitwaies to the gaile.
old Ar. Firſt know the offender, how began the ſtrife
Betwixt this gentlewoman and my ſonne,
Since when ſir he hath vſde her not like one

That

That ſhould partake his bed, but like a ſlaue.
My comming was, that you being in office
And in authoritie, ſhould call before you
My vnthrift ſonne, to giue him ſome aduiſe,
Which he will take better from you, then me
That am his Father. Heer's the gentlewoman
Wife to my ſonne, and daughter to this man,
Whom I perforce compeld to liue with vs.
Iuſt. All this is wel, here is your ſonne you ſay,
But ſhe that is his wife you cannot finde.
Yong Lu. You do miſtake ſir, heer's the gentlewoman,
It is her husband that will not be found.
Iuſt. VVell all is one, for man and wife are one:
But is this all?
Yong Lu. I all that you can ſay,
And much more then you can well put off.
Iuſt. Nay if the caſe appeare thus euident,
Giue me a cup of wine, what man and wife
To diſagree, I prethee fill my cup:
I could ſay ſomewhat, tut, tut, by this wine,
I promiſe you, tis good Canary Sack.
Miſ. Ar. Fathers you do me open violence
To bring my name in queſtion, and produce
This gentleman and others here to witneſſe
My husbands ſhame in open audience:
VVhat may my husband thinke when he ſhall know
I went vnto the Iuſtice to complaine:
But M. Iuſtice here more wiſe then you,
Saies little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concernd herein:
Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.
Iuſt. The woman ſaith but reaſon M. *Arthur*,
And therefore giue her licence to depart.
Old Lu. Here is drie Iuſtice not to bid vs drink,

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend thy cup:
Now M. Iuſtice heare me but one word,
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong?
But by this wine which I intend to drinke.

Iuſt. Nay ſaue your oath, I pray you do not ſweare,
Or if you ſweare, take not too deepe an oath.

Old Lu. Content you, I may take a lawfull oath
Before a Iuſtice: therefore by this wine.

Yon. Lu. A profound oath, wel ſworne, & deeply tooke,
Tis better thus, then ſwearing on a booke.

Old Lu. My daughter hath bin wrongd exceedingly.

Iuſt. O ſir, I would haue credited theſe words
Without this oath: but bring your daughter hither,
That I may giue her counſell ere you goe.

Old Lu. Mary Gods bleſſing on your heart for that,
Daughter giue eare to Iuſtice *Reaſons* words.

Iuſt. Good woman, or good wife, or Miſtreſſe, if you haue done amiſſe, it ſhould ſeeme you haue done a fault; and making a fault, theres no queſtiō but you haue done amiſſe: but if you walke vprightly, and neither lead to the right hand nor the left, nō queſtion but you haue neither led to the right hand nor the left, but as a man ſhould ſay, walked vprightly: but it ſhould appeare by theſe plaintiffes, that you haue had ſome wrong, If you loue your ſpouſe intierly, it ſhould ſeeme you affect him feruently; and if he hate you monſtrouſly, it ſhould ſeeme he loaths you moſt exceedingly: and theres the point, at which I will leaue, for the time paſſes away: therefore to conclude, this is my beſt counſell, looke that thy husband ſo fall in, that hereafter you neuer fall out.

Old Lu. Good counſell, paſſing good inſtruction,
Follow it daughter. Now I promiſe you,
I haue not heard ſuch an Oration
This many a day: what remaines to doo?

Yong Lu.

Yon. Lu. Sir I was cald as witneſſe to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can ſee.
Iuſt. Nay ſtaie my friend, we muſt examine you,
What can you ſay concerning this debate
Betwixt yong M. *Arthur* and his wife?
Yong Lu. Faith iuſt as much *I* thinke as you can ſay,
And thats iuſt nothing.
Iuſt. How nothing? come depoſe him, take his oath,
Sweare him I ſay, take his confeſſion.
Old Ar. What can you ſay ſir in this doubtfull caſe?
Yong Lu. Why nothing ſir.
Iuſt. We cannot take him in contrary tales,
For he ſaies nothing ſtill, and that ſame nothing
Is that which we haue ſtood on all this while:
He hath confeſt euen all, for all is nothing.
This is your witneſſe, he hath witneſt nothing.
Since nothing then ſo plainly is confeſt,
And we by cunning anſweres and by wit
Haue wrought him to confeſſe nothing to vs,
Write his confeſſion.
Old Ar. Why what ſhould we write?
Iuſt. Why nothing: heard you not as wel as I
What he confeſt? I ſay write nothing downe.
Miſtris we haue diſmiſt you, loue your husband,
Which whilſt you do, you ſhall not hate your husband.
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with
This Gentlemans expreſſe confeſſion
Againſt you: ſend him to me, Ile not faile
To keepe iuſt nothing in my memorie.
And ſir now that we haue examined you,
We likewiſe here diſcharge you with good leaue.
Now M. *Arthur*, and M. *Luſam* too,
Come in with me, vnleſſe the man were here
Whom moſt eſpecially the cauſe concernes,

We cannot end this quarrell: but come neere,
And we will taſte a glaſſe of our March beere. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtris Mary, Miſtris Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tell me *Brabo*, what Planet thinkſt thou gouernd at my conception, that I liue thus openly to the world?

Bra. Two Planets raind at once, *Venus* thats you,
And *Mars* thats *I*, were in coniunction.

Splay. Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction copulatiue, is that part of ſpeech that I liue by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to ſee the world, we ſwaggerers
That liue by oathes and big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the taileſt men:
He that hath now a black muchato
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp
Puncto reuerſo, briſtling towards the eye:
He that can hang two hanſom tooles at his ſide,
Go in diſguiſde attire, weare Iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a ſouldier. (zounds,
He that with greateſt grace can ſweare gogs
Or in a Tauerne make a drunken fray,
Can cheat at Dice, ſwagger in bawdie houſes,
Weare veluet on his face, and with a grace
Can face it out with as *I* am a ſouldier.
He that can clap his ſword vpon the boord
Hee's a braue man, and ſuch a man am I.

Ma. She that with kiſſes can both kil & cure,
That liues by loue, that ſweares by nothing elſe
But by a kiſſe, which is no common oath:
That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth;
That takes moſt pleaſure when ſhe takes moſt paines,
Shee's a good wench my boy, and ſuch am I.

Splay. She that is paſt it, and praies for them that may.

Bra. Is an old Bawd as you are Miſtris *Splay*.

Splay.

Splay. O do not name that name, do you not know
That *I* could neuer endure to heare that name.
But if your man would leaue vs, *I* would read
The leſſon that laſt night *I* promiſt you.
Ma. *I* prethee leaue vs, we would be alone.
Bra. And will and muſt: if you bid me be gone,
I will withdraw, and draw on any he
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me.
Miſtris farewell, to none *I* neuer ſpeake
So kind a word. My ſalutations are,
Farewell and be hangd, or in the diuels name.
What they haue bene my many fraies can tell,
You cannot fight, therefore to you farwell. (*Exit.*
Ma. O this ſame ſwaggerer is the bulwark of my reputa-(tion,
But Miſtris *Splay*, now to your lecture that you promiſt me.
Splay. Daughter attend, for *I* will tell thee now
What in my yong daies I my ſelfe haue tried:
Be rul'd by me and *I* will make thee rich.
You God be praiſde are faire, and as they ſay
Full of good parts, you haue bene often tried
To be a woman of good carriage,
VVhich in my mind is very commendable.
Ma. It is indeed. Forward good mother *Splay*.
Splay. And as *I* told you, being faire, *I* wiſh
Sweet daughter you were as fortunate.
VVhen any ſutor comes to aske thy loue,
Looke not into his words, but into his ſleeue,
If thou canſt learne what language his purſe ſpeakes,
Be rul'd by that, thats golden eloquence.
Mony can make a flauering tongue ſpeake plaine:
If he that loues thee be deform'd and rich,
Accept his loue, gold hides deformitie.
Gold can make limping *Vulcan* walke vpright,
Make ſquint eyes looke ſtrait, a crabd face looke ſmooth,

Guilds

Guilds Copernoſes, makes them looke like gold:
Fils ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face
As old as *Neſtors*, looke as yong as *Cupids*,
If thou wilt arme thy ſelfe againſt all ſhifts,
Regard all men according to their gifts.
This if thou practiſe, thou when I am dead
Wilt ſay old mother *Splay* ſoft laid thy head.

Enter yong Arthur.

Ma. Soft who comes here? begone good Miſtris *Splay*,
Of thy rules practiſe this is my firſt day.

Splay. God for thy paſſion what a beaſt am *I*,
To ſcar the bird that to the net would flie. *Exit.*

Yong Ar. By your leaue Miſtreſſe.

Ma. VVhat to do Maiſter?

Yong Ar. To giue me leaue to loue you.

Ma. I had rather afford you ſome loue to leaue me.

Yon. Ar. *I* would you would aſſoone loue me, as *I* could leaue you.

Ma. *I* pray you what are you ſir?

Yon. Ar. A man Ile aſſure you.

Ma. How ſhould *I* know that?

Yong Ar. Trie me by my word, for *I* ſay *I* am a man,
Or by my deed, Ile proue my ſelfe a man.

Ma. Are you not Maiſter *Arthur*?

Yon. Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your ſeruant ſweete Miſtris *Mary*.

Ma. Not Miſtris *Mary*, but *Mary* and your handmaid, ſweet Maiſter *Arthur*.

Yong Ar. That *I* loue you, let my face tell you: that I loue you more then ordinarily, let this kiſſe teſtifie: and that I loue you feruently and entierly, aske this gift, and ſee what it will anſwere you. My ſelfe, my purſe, and all being wholy at your ſeruice.

Ma. That *I* take your loue in good part, my thanks ſhall ſpeak for me: that *I* am pleaſde with your kiſſe, this intereſt

intereſt of another ſhall certifie you : and that I accept your gift, my proſtrate ſeruice and ſelfe ſhall witnes with me. My loue, my lips, and ſweet ſelfe, are at your ſeruice, wilt pleaſe you to come neare ſir?

Yon. Lu. O that my wife were dead, here would I make My ſecond choiſe, would ſhe were buried, From out her graue this Marigold ſhould grow, Which in my nuptials I wold weare with pride. Die ſhall ſhee, I haue doom'd her deſtenie.

Ma. Tis newes M. *Arthur* to ſee you in ſuch a place, How doth your wife?

Yong Ar. Faith Miſtris *Mary* at the point of death, And long ſhe cannot liue, ſhe ſhall not liue To trouble me in this my ſecond choice.

Enter Aminadab with a bill and head-peece.

Ma. I pray forbeare ſir, for here comes my Loue, Good ſir for this time leaue me : by this kiſſe You cannot aske the queſtion at my hands I will denie you : pray your get you gone.

Yong Ar. Farwell ſweet Miſtris *Mary*. *(Exit.*

Ma. Sweet adieu:

Ami. Stand to me bill, and head-peece ſit thou cloſe, I heare my Loue, my wench, my duck, my deare, Is ſought by many ſutors, but with this Ile keep the doore, and enter he that dare. *Virga* be gone, thy twigs Ile turne to ſteele, Theſe fingers that were expert in the Ierke, In ſteed of laſhing of the trembling *podes*, Muſt learne paſh and knock, and beate and mall, Cleaue pates, and *caputs* he that enters here Comes on his death, *mors mori*, is he ſhall taſte.

Ma. Alas poore foole, the Pedants mad for loue, Thinkes me more mad that I would marry him? Hee's come to watch me with a ruſtie bill,

To keep my friends away by force of armes,
I will not ſee him but ſtand ſtill aſide,
And here obſerue him what he meanes to doo.
Ami. O *vtinam*, that he that loues her beſt
Durſt offer but to tuch her in this place.
Per Iehoua, & Iunonem hoc,
Shall paſh his Coxcombe ſuch a knock,
As that his ſoule his courſe ſhall take
To *Limbo*, and *Auernus* lake.
In vaine I watch in this darke hole,
Would any liuing durſt my manhood trie,
And offer to come vp the ſtaires this way.
Ma. O we ſhould ſee you make a goodly fray.
Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Amo, amas, amani ſtill.
Qui audet let him come that dare,
Death, hell, and Limbo be his ſhare.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Wheres miſtris *Mary*, neuer a poſt here,
A bar of Iron gainſt which to trie my ſword?
Now by my beard a daintie peece of ſteele.
Ami. O *Ione* what a qualme is this I feele?
Bra. Come hither *Mall*, is none here but we two?
When didſt thou ſee the ſtarueling Schoole-maiſter?
That Rat, that ſhrimp, that ſpindleſhanck, that Wren, that
ſheep-biter, that leane chittiface, that famine, that leane
Enuy, that all bones, that bare Anatomy, that *Iack a Lent*,
that ghoſt, that ſhadow, that Moone in the waine.
Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.
Bra. When next I finde him here Ile hang him vp
Like a dried Sawſedge, in the Chimnies top:
That Stock-fiſh, that poore Iohn, that gut of men.
Ami. O that I were at home againe.
Bra. When he comes next turne him into the ſtreets,

Now

Now come lets dance the ſhaking of the ſheets. *Exeunt.*

Ami. *Qui que quod*, hence boyſtrous bill, come gentle Rod.
Had not grim *Malkin* ſtampt and ſtar'd,
Aminadab had little car'd:
Or if in ſtead of this browne bill,
I had kept my miſtris *Virga* ſtill,
And he vpon an others back,
His points vntruſt, his breeches ſlack:
My countenance he ſhould not daſh,
For I am expert in the laſh.
But my ſweet Laſſe my loue doth flie,
Which ſhall make me by poyſon die.
Per fidem, I will rid my life,
Either by poyſon, ſword, or knife. *Exit.*

Enter Miſtris Arthur, and Pipkin.

Miſ.Ar. Sirra when ſaw you your Maiſter?

Pip. Faith Miſtris when I laſt lookt vpon him.

Miſ.Ar. And when was that?

Pip. When I beheld him.

Miſ.Ar. And when was that?

Pip. Mary when he was in my ſight, and that was yeſterday, ſince when I ſaw not my maiſter, nor lookt on my M. nor beheld my maiſter, nor had any ſight of my M.

Miſ.Ar. Was he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes mary was he.

Miſ.Ar. Didſt thou not intreat him to come home?

Pip. How ſhould I miſtris, he came not there to day.

Miſ.Ar. Didſt not thou ſay he was there?

Pip. True miſtris he was there, but I did not tel ye whē, He hath bin there diuers times, but not of late.

Miſ.Ar. About your buſines, here Ile ſit and wait
His comming home, though it be nere ſo late.
Now once againe goe looke him at the Change,
Or at the Church with Sir *Aminadab*,

Tis told me they vſe often conference:
When that is done, get you to ſchoole againe.

Pip. I had rather plaie the trewant at home, then goe ſeeke my M. at ſchoole: let me ſee what age am *I*, ſome foure & twentie, and how haue *I* profited, *I* was fiue yeare learning to criſh Croſſe from great A. and fiue yeare longer comming to F. *I* there I ſtucke ſome three yeare before I could come to q. and ſo in proceſſe of time *I* came to e perce e, and comperce, and tittle, then *I* got to a. e. i. o. u. after to our Father, and in the ſixteenth yeare of my age, and the fifteenth of my going to ſchoole, *I* am in good time gotten to a Nowne, by the ſame token there my hoſe went downe: then *I* got to a Verbe, there I began firſt to haue a beard: thē *I* came to *Iſte, iſta, iſtud*, there my M. whipt me till he fetcht the blood, and ſo foorth: ſo that now I am come the greateſt ſcholler in the ſchoole: for I am bigger then two or three of them. But I am gone, farewell miſtreſſe. (*Exit.*

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

Ful. Loue none at all, they will forſweare themſelues,
And when you vrge them with it, their replies
Are, that *Ioue* laughes at Louers periuries.

Anſ. You told me of a Ieſt concerning that,
I prethee let me heare it.

Ful. That thou ſhalt.
My miſtris in an humor had proteſted,
That aboue all the world ſhe lou'd me beſt,
Saying with ſutors ſhe was oft moleſted,
And ſhe had lodg'd her hart within my breſt:
And ſware (but me) both by her maske & fan,
She neuer would ſo much as name a man.
Not name a man quoth I, yet be aduiſde,
Not loue a man but me, let it be ſo:
You ſhall not think quoth ſhe my thoughts diſguiſde,

In

In flattring language, or diſſembling ſhow:
I ſay againe, and *I* know what *I* do,
I will not name a man aliue but you.
Into her houſe *I* came at vnaware,
Her backe was to me and *I* was not ſeene,
I ſtole behind her till *I* had her faire,
Then with my hands *I* cloſed both her eyne,
She blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her
Which of her Loues it was that did hood-winck her,
Firſt ſhe begins to gueſſe & name a man
That *I* well knew, but ſhe had knowne far better.
The next *I* neuer did ſuſpect till than:
Still of my name *I* could not heare a letter,
Then mad, ſhe did name *Robin*, and then *Iames*,
Till ſhe had reckoned vp ſome twentie names,
At length when ſhe had counted vp her ſcore,
As one among the reſt ſhe hit on mee:
I askt her if ſhe could not recken more,
And pluckt away my hands to let her ſee.
But when ſhe lookt back and ſaw me behind her
She bluſht, and askt if it were *I* did blind her?
And ſince *I* ſware both by her maske and fan,
To truſt no ſhe tongue, that can name a man.

Anſ. Your great oath hath ſome exceptions:
But to our former purpoſe, yon is Miſtris *Arthur*,
We will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her husband if we can.

Ful. But not a word of paſſion or of loue.
Haue at her now to trie her patience,
God ſaue you miſtris.

Miſ. Ar. You are welcome ſir.

Ful. I prav you wheres your husband?

Yon. Ar. Not within.

Anſ. Who M. *Arthur*? him *I* ſaw euen now

At miſtris *Maries* the braue Curtizans.

Miſ.Ar. Wrong not my husbands reputatiõ ſo,
I neither can nor will beleeue you ſir.

Ful. Poore gentlewoman how much *I* pittie
Your husband is become her only gueſt: (you,
He lodges there,and daily diets there,
He riots,reuels,and doth all things,
Nay he is held the M. of miſrule,
Mongſt a moſt loathed and abhorred Crew.
And can you being a woman ſuffer this?

Miſ.Ar. Sir,ſir, I vnderſtand you well inough,
Admit my husband doth frequent that houſe
Of ſuch diſhoneſt vſage, *I* ſuppoſe
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home
By his good counſell,from that courſe of ſinne:
And like a Chriſtian, ſeeing them aſtray
In the broad path that to damnation leades,
He vſeth thither to direct their feete
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.

Anſ. Was euer woman guld ſo palpably?
But Miſtris *Arthur* thinke you as you ſay?

Miſ.Ar. Sir what *I* think *I* think,and what I ſay
I would I could enioyne you to beleeue.

Anſ. Faith miſtris *Arthur* I am ſory for you,
And in good ſooth, I wiſh it laie in me
To remedie the leaſt part of theſe wrongs
Your vnkind husband daily profers you.

Miſ.Ar. You are deceiu'd he is not vnkind,
Although he beare an outward face of hate,
His hart and ſoule are both aſſured mine.

Anſ. Fie miſtris *Arthur*,take a better ſpirit,
Be not ſo timerous to rehearſe your wrongs,
I ſay your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers,cheaters,wanton Curtizans.

There he defiles his bodie, ſtaines his ſoule,
Conſumes his wealth, vndoes himſelfe and you,
In danger of diſeaſes, whoſe vilde names
Are not for any honeſt mouthes to ſpeake,
Nor any chaſte eares to receiue and heare.
O he will bring that face admir'd for beautie,
To be more loathed then a leaprous skin:
Diuorce your ſelfe now whilſt the clouds grow black,
Prepare your ſelfe a ſhelter for the ſtorme,
Abandon his moſt loathed fellowſhip:
You are yong miſtris, will you looſe your youth?
Miſ. Ar. Tempt no more diuel, thy deformitie
Hath chaung'd it ſelfe into an angels ſhape,
But yet *I* know thee by thy courſe of ſpeech:
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,
Whoſe outſide beares a ſhow of pleaſant fruite,
But the vilde branch on which this apple grew,
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradice.
Thy Syrens ſong could make me drowne my ſelfe,
But *I* am tyed vnto the maſt of truth.
*A*dmit my husband be inclin'd to vice,
My vertues may in time recall him home,
But if we both ſhould deſp'rate runne to ſinne,
We ſhould abide certaine deſtruction.
But hee's like one that ouer a ſweet face
Puts a deformed vizard for his ſoule,
Is free from any ſuch intents of ill:
Only to try my patience, he puts on
An vgly ſhape of black intemperance.
Therefore this blot of ſhame which he now weares,
I with my praiers will purge, waſh with teares.

Exit.

Anſ. Fuller.
Ful. Anſelme.

Anſ.

Anſ. How lik'ſt thou this?

Ful. As ſchoole-boyes ierkes, Apes whips, as Lions (Cocks,
As Furies do faſting daies, and diuels croſſes,
As maides to haue their mariage daies put off:
I like it as the thing *I* moſt do loath,
What wilt thou do? for ſhame perſiſt no more
In this extremitie of friuolous loue.
I ſee my doctrine moues no preciſe eares,
But ſuch as are profeſt inamoratos.

Anſ. O *I* ſhall die.

Ful. Tuſh liue to laugh a little,
Here's the beſt ſubiect that thy loue affords,
Liſten a while and heare this ſ hoboy ſpeake.

Ami. As in preſenti, thou loath'ſt the gift I ſent thee,
Nolo plus tarrie but die, for the beautious marry,
Fain wold *I* die by a ſword, but what ſword ſhal I die by?
Or by a ſtone, what ſtone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines,
Knife I haue none to ſheath in my breſt, or emptie my full
Here is no wal or poſt which I can ſoile within my brus'd
braines.
Firſt will I therfore ſay 2. or 3. Creedes and Auemaries,
And after goe buy a poiſon at the Apothecaries.

Ful. I prethee *Anſelme* but obſerue this fellow,
Doeſt not heare him? he would die for loue,
That miſhapt loue thou wouldſt condemne in him,
I ſee in thee, I prethee note him well.

Anſ. Were I aſſurs'd that I were ſuch a Louer,
I ſhould be with my ſelfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perſwade him ſtill to liue.

Ful. That were a dangerous caſe, perhaps the fellow
In deſperation would to ſooth vs vp,
Promiſe repentant recantation,
And after fall into that deſperate courſe,
Both which I will preuent with policie.

Ami. O death come with thy dart, come death whē I bid thee,
Mors vem veni mors, and from this miſery rid mee.
She whom I lou'd, whom I lou'd, euē ſhe my ſweet pretie Mary,
Doth but flout & mock, & Ieſt, and diſſimulary.

Ful. Ile fit him finely: in this paper is
The Iuice of Mandrake, by a Doctor made
To caſt a man whoſe leg ſhould be cut off,
Into a deep, a cold and ſenceles ſleepe,
Of ſuch approued operation,
That who ſo takes it, is for twice twelue houres
Breathleſſe, and to all mens iudgements paſt all ſence:
This will I giue the pedant but in ſport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but eſteeme it as a Ieſt:
Beſides it may be a meanes to ſaue his life,
For being perfect poyſon as it ſeemes,
His meaning is, ſome couetous ſlaue for coyne
Will ſell it him, though it be held by lawe
To be no better then flat felonie.

Anſ. Vphold the Ieſt, but he hath ſpied vs, peace.

Ami. Gentiles God ſaue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, moſt learned in Phyſick,
One man he helpt of the Cough, another he heald of the tiſick:
And I will boord him thus: *Salue* ô *Salue Magiſter.*

Ful. Gratus mihi aduenis quid me cum vis.

Ami. Optatum venis paucis to volo.

Ful. Si quid induſtria noſtra tibi faciet dic queſo.

Ami. Attend me ſir, I haue a ſimple houſe,
But as the learned *Diogenes* ſaith
In his Epiſtle to *Tertullian*,
It is extremely troubled with great Ratts,
I haue no mus puſſe nor grey eyde Cat
To hunt them out. O could your learned Art
Shew me a meanes how I might poyſon them:

Tuus dum ſuus, ſir *Aminadab*.

Ful. With all my hart, I am no Rat-catcher,
But if you need a poyſon, here is that
Will pepper both your Dogs & Rats and Cats:
Nay ſpare your purſe, I giue this in good will,
And as it proues I pray you ſend to me,
And let me know, wold you ought elſe with me?

Ami. *Minime quidem*, heer's that you ſay wil take them?
A thouſand thankes ſweet ſir, I ſay to you
As *Tully* in his Æſops Fables ſaid,
Ago tibi gratias, ſo farewell, *vale*. *Exit.*

Ful. Adiew. Come let vs goe, I long to ſee
What the euent of this new Ieſt will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yong Ar. Good morrow gentlemen, ſaw you not this way
As you were walking, Sir *Aminadab*?

Anſ. M. *Arthur* as I take it.

Yon. Ar. Sir the ſame.

Anſ. Sir I deſire you more familiar loue,
Would I could bid my ſelfe vnto your houſe,
For I haue wiſht for your acquaintance long.

Yon. Ar. Sweet M. *Anſelme* I deſire yours too:
Wil you come dine with me at home to morow,
You ſhall be welcome I aſſure you ſir.

Anſ. I feare ſir I ſhall proue too bold a gueſt.

Yon. Ar. You ſhal be welcome if you bring your friend.

Ful. O Lord ſir, we ſhall be too troubleſome.

Yong Ar. Nay now I will inforce a promiſe from you,
Shall I expect you?

Ful. Yes with all my heart.

Anſ. A thouſand thankes. Yonders the ſchoolemaiſter.
So till to morrow twentie times farewell.

Yong Ar. I double all your farewels twentie fold.

Anſ. O this acquaintance was well ſcrapte of me,

By

By this my Loue to morrow I ſhall ſee. *Exit.*

Ami. This poyſon ſhall by force expell,
Amorem loue, *Infernum* hell.
Per hoc venenum ego I,
For my ſweet louely Laſſe will die.

Yon.Ar. What do I hear of poiſon, which ſweet
Muſt make me a braue frolick widower? (means
It ſeemes the doting foole being forlorne
Hath got ſome compound mixture, in diſpaire
To end his deſperate fortunes and his life:
Ile get it from him, and with this make way
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

Ami. In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:
I know death comes here's ſuch a ſmell.
Pater & mater, father and mother,
Frater & ſoror, ſiſter and brother,
And my ſweet *Mary*, not theſe drugges,
Do ſend me to the Infernall bugges,
But thy vnkindneſſe, ſo adieu,
Hob-goblins now I come to you.

Yon.Ar. Hold man I ſay, what wil the mad man do?
I haue I got thee, thou ſhalt goe with me:
No more of that, fie Sir *Mimadis*
Deſtroy your ſelfe: If I but heare hereafter
You practice ſuch reuenge vpon your ſelfe,
All your friends ſhall know that for a wench,
A paltry wench, you would haue kild your ſelfe.

Ami. O *tace queſo*, do not name
This frantick deed of mine for ſhame:
My ſweet magiſter not a word,
Ile neither drowne me in a ford
Nor giue my necke ſuch a ſcope,
To imbrace it with a hempen rope:
Ile die no way till nature will me,

And death come with his dart and kill me.
If what is paſt you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reueale,
Nay as *Quintillian* ſaid of yore,
Ile ſtriue to kill my ſelfe no more.

Yong Ar. On that condition Ile conceale this deed,
To morow pray come and dine with me:
For I haue many ſtrangers, mongſt the reſt,
Some are deſirous of your company.
You will not faile me?

Ami. No in ſooth, Ile try the ſharpnes of my tooth,
In ſteed of poyſon, I will eate
Rabets, Capons, and ſuch meate:
And ſo as *Pithagoras* ſaies,
With wholeſome fare prolong my daies.
But Sir will Miſtris *Mall* be there?

Yon. Ar. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall man neuer feare.

Ami. Then my ſpirit becomes ſtronger,
And I will liue and ſtretch longer:
For *Ouid* ſaid, and did not lie,
That poyſoned men do often die.
But poyſon henceforth Ile not eate,
Whilſt I can other victualls get:
To morow if you make a feaſt,
Be ſure ſir I will be your gueſt.
But keep my counſell, *vale tu*,
And till to morow ſir adieu:
At your Table *I* will proue
If *I* can eate away my loue. *Exit.*

Yon. Ar. O *I* am glad *I* haue thee, now deuiſe
A way how to beſtow it cunningly:
It ſhall be thus: to morow Ile pretend
A recocilement twixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will inuite thus many:

Firſt Iuſtice *Reaſon*, as the chiefe man there.
My Father *Arther*, old *Luſam*, yong *Luſam*, M.
And M. *Anſelme I* haue bid alreadie. (*Fuller*,
Then will *I* haue my louely *Mary* too,
Be it but to ſpight my wife before ſhe die:
For die ſhe ſhall before to morrow night.
The operation of this poyſon is
Not ſuddenly to kill, they that take it
Fall in a ſleepe, and then tis paſt recure,
And this will *I* put in her Cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This tis to haue ſuch a Maiſter, *I* haue ſought him at the Change, at the ſchoole, at euery place, but *I* cannot finde him no where. O cry mercy, my Miſtris would intreat you to come home.

Yon. Ar. I cannot come to night, ſome vrgent buſines
Will all this night imploy me otherwiſe.

Pip. I beleeue my Miſtreſſe would con you as much thanke to do that buſineſſe at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purſe, and bid my wife prouide
Good cheare againſt to morrow, there will be
Two or three ſtrangers of my late acquaintance.
Sirra goe you to Iuſtice *Reaſons* houſe,
Inuite him firſt with all ſolemnitie.
Goe to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,
Here take this note.
The reſt that come *I* will inuite my ſelfe,
About it with what quick diſpatch thou canſt.

Pip. I warrant you Maiſter Ile diſpatch this buſineſſe with more honeſtie, then youle diſpatch yours. But Maiſter will the gentlewoman be there?

Yong Ar. What gentlewoman?

Pip. The gentlewoman of the old houſe, that is as wel knowne by the colour ſhee laies of her chees, as an Ale-

houſe by the painting is laid of his Lettice: ſhe that is like *Homo*, Common to all men: ſhe that is beholding to no Trade, but liues of her ſelfe.

Yon.Ar. Sirra be gone, or I will ſend you hence.

Pip. Ile go, but by this hand Ile tell my Miſtris as ſoone as I come home, that Miſtris light-heeles comes to dinner to morrow.

Yon.Ar. Sweet Miſtris *Mary* Ile inuite my ſelfe:
And there Ile frolick, ſup, and ſpend the night.
My Plot is currant, here tis in my hand
Will make me happie in my ſecond choyce,
And I may freely chalenge as mine owne,
What I am now infore't to ſeeke by ſtealth.
Loue is not much vnlike Ambition,
For in them both all lets muſt be remoued
Twixt euery Crowne & him that would aſpire,
And he that will attempt to winne the fame,
Muſt plundge vp to the depth ore head & eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple ſea.
So he that loues, muſt needs through blood and fire,
And do all things to compaſſe his deſire.

Enter Miſtris Arthur and her Mayde.

Miſ.Ar. Come ſpread the Table: Is the hall well rubd,
The cuſhions in the windowes neatly laid,
The Cupboord of plate ſet out, the Caſements ſtuck
With Roſemary and Flowers, the Carpets bruſht?

Mayd. I forſooth Miſtris.

Miſ. Locke to the kitchen Mayd, and bid the Cooke take downe the Ouen ſtone, the pies be burnt: here take my keyes and giue him out more ſpice.

Mayd. Yes forſooth Miſtris.

Miſ.Ar. Where's that knaue *Pipkin*, bid him ſpred the Cloth,
Fetch the cleane diaper napkins from my cheſt,
Set out the guilded ſalt, and bid the fellow

Make

Make himſelfe handſome, get him a cleane band.
Mayd. Indeed forſooth Miſtris he is ſuch a ſlouen
That nothing will ſit handſome about him,
He had a pound of ſope to ſcowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like the chimney ſtocke.
Miſ. Ar. Heele be a ſlouen ſtil: Mayd take this Apron,
And bring me one of Linnen, quickly Mayd.
Mayd. I goe forſooth. (*Exit Mayd.*
Miſ. Ar. There was a curtſie, let me ſee't againe.
I that was well. I feare my gueſts will come
Ere we be readie, what a ſpight is this.
Within. Miſtreſſe.
Miſ. Ar. What's the matter?
Within. Miſtris I pray take *Pipkin* from the fire,
We cannot keepe his fingers from the roſt.
Miſ. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that.
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,
Still broyling by the fire.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire
Till the broath be inough.

Enter Mayd with an Apron.

Miſ. Ar. Well ſirra get a Napkin and a Trencher
And wait to day. So let me ſee my Apron.
Pip. Miſtris I can tell ye one thing, my M. wench
Will come home to day to dinner.

Enter Iuſtice Reaſon and his man.

Miſ. Ar. She ſhall be welcome if ſhe be his gueſt.
But heer's ſome of our gueſts are come alreadie,
A Chaire for Iuſtice *Reaſon* ſirra. (huſwife,
Iuſt. Good morrow Miſtris *Arthur*, you are like a good
At your requeſt I am come home, what a Chaire!
Thus age ſeekes eaſe: where is your husband Miſtris?
What a cuſhion too!

Pip.

Pip. I pray you eaſe your taile Sir.

Iuſt. Mary and will good fellow, twentie thankes.

Pip. M. *Hue* as welcom as hart can tel, or tong can think.

Hu. I thank you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a good diſh of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the aunciet Curteſie you are welcome: according to the time and place, you are hartily welcome: when they are buſied at the boord, we wil find our ſelues buſied in the Buttrie: and ſo ſweet *Hugh* according to our ſchollers phraſe, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I wil anſwer you with the like ſweet *Pipkin*, *gratias.*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh*. But here comes more gueſts.

Enter old Arthur, *and old* Luſam.

Miſ. Ar. More ſtooles & cuſhions for theſe gentlemen.

Old Ar. What M. *Iuſtice Reaſon*, are you here?
Who would haue thought to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What ſay mine eyes, is *Iuſtice Reaſon* here?
Mountaines may meet, and ſo *I* ſee may wee.

Iuſt. Well when men meete they meete,
And when they part, they oft leaue one anothers compa-
So we being met, are met. (ny:

Old Lu. Truly you ſay true:
And M. Iuſtice *Reaſon* ſpeakes but reaſon.
To heare how wiſely men of lawe will ſpeake.

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

Anſ. Good morrow gentlemen.

Miſ. Ar. What are you there? (all.

An. Good morrow Miſtris, and good morow

Iuſt. If *I* may be ſo bold in a ſtrange place,
I ſay good morrow, and as much to you.
I pray gentlemen will you ſit downe?
We haue bene yong like you, and if you liue
Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

Ful.

Ful. Be rul'd by reaſon, but whoſe here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. *Saluete omnes*, and good day
To all at once, as I may ſay,
Firſt Maiſter *Iuſtice*, next old *Arthur*,
That giues me penſion by the quarter:
To my good Miſtreſſe, and the reſt,
That are the founders of this feaſt.
In briefe I ſpeake to *omnes* all,
That to their meate intend to fall.

Iuſt. Welcome Syr *Aminadab*, ô my ſonne
Hath profited exceeding well with you,
Sit downe, ſit downe, by Miſtris *Arthurs* leaue.

Enter young Arthur, young Luſam, and Miſtreſſe Marie.

Yon. Ar. Gentlemen, welcome all, whilſt I deliuer
Their priuate welcomes, Wife be it your charge,
To giue this Gentlewoman entertainment.

Miſ. Ar. Husband, *I* will: ô this is ſhe vſurpes
The precious intereſt of my Husbands loue:
Though as *I* am a woman, I could well
Thruſt ſuch a leaud companion out of doores,
Yet as *I* am a true obedient Wife,
*I*de kiſſe her feete to do my Husbands will.
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,
Indeed you are, pray do not doubt of it.

Mary. I thank you Miſtris *Arthur*, now by my litle honeſtie,
It much repents me to wrong ſo chaſte a woman.

Yon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legges, firſt M. Iuſtice,
Here you ſhall ſit.

Iuſt. And here ſhall miſtris *Arthur* ſit by me.

Yon. Ar. Pardon me ſir, ſhe ſhall haue my wifes place.

Miſ. Ar. Indeed you ſhall, for he will haue it ſo.

Mary. If you will needs, but I ſhall doo you wrong to take your place.

Old Lu. I by my faith you ſhould.

Miſ. Ar. That is no wrong which we impute no wrõg, *I* pray you ſit.

Yong Ar. Gentlemen all, *I* pray you ſeate your ſelues: What ſir *Aminadab*, *I* know where your hart is.

Ami. Mum not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace: Come gentiles *I*le be of this meſſe.

Yong Ar. So, who giues thankes?

Ami. Sir that will *I*.

Yong Ar. *I* pray you too it by and by, where's Wait at the boord, let M. *Reaſons* man (*Pipkin*, Be had into the buttry, but firſt giue him A napkin and a trencher. Well ſaid *Hugh*, Wait at your Maiſters elbow, now ſay grace.

Ami. *Gloria deo*, ſirs *proface*, Attend me now whilſt *I* ſay grace. For bread and ſalt, for grapes and malt, For fleſh and fiſh, and euery diſh: Mutton and beefe, of all meates cheefe: For Cow-heels, chitterlings, tripes and ſowſe, And other meate thats in the houſe: For racks, for breſts, for legges, for loines, For pies with raiſons, and with proines: For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes, For veniſon paſties and minct pies: Sheephead and garlick, brawne and muſtard, Wafers, ſpiced cakes, tart and cuſtard, For capons, rabets, pigges and geeſe, For apples, carawaies and cheeſe: For all theſe and many moe, *Benidicanus domino.*

All. Amen.

Iuſt. I con you thankes, but ſir *Aminadab*, Is that your ſcholler? now *I* promiſe you

He

He is a toward ſtripling of his age.

Pip. Who *I* forſooth, yes indeed forſooth *I* am his ſcholler, *I* would you ſhould well thinke *I* haue profited vnder him too, you ſhall heare if he will poſe me.

Old Ar. I pray you lets heare him.

Ami. Huc ades Pipkin.

Adſum.

Ami. Quot Caſus ſunt, how many Caſes are there?

Pip. Mary a great many.

Ami. Well anſwered a great many, there are ſixe,
Sixe a great many, tis well anſwered,
And which be they?

Pip. A Bow-caſe, a Cap-caſe, a Combe-caſe, a Lute-caſe, a Fidle-caſe, and a Candle-caſe.

Iuſt: I. now them all, againe well anſwered:
Pray God my yongeſt boy profit no worſe.

An. How many parſons are there?

*Pip. I*le tell you as many as *I* know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Anſel. I prethee doo.

Pip. The Parſon of *Fanchurch*, the Parſon of *Pancridge*, and the Parſon of.

Yong Ar. Well ſir about your buſineſſe: now will *I*
Temper the Cup my loathed wife ſhall drinke: *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinkes you are exceeding ſad:

Old Lu. Faith daughter ſo thou art exceeding ſad:

Miſ: Ar: Tis but my countenance, for my hart is mery,
Miſtris were you as merie as you are welcome,
You ſhould not ſit ſo ſadlie as you do.

Ma: Tis but becauſe *I* am ſeated in your place,
Which is frequented ſeldome with true mirth.

Miſ: Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How ſay you Ladie to him you laſt did
All this is no more *prchibo tibi.*

Mary. I thanke you ſir, Miſtris this draught ſhall be
To him that loues both you and me.
Miſt. Ar. I know your meaning.
Anſ. Now to me;
If ſhe haue either loue or charitie.
Miſ. Ar. Heare M. Iuſtice, this to your graue yeares,
A mournfull draught God wot, halfe wine, halfe teares.
Iuſt. Let come my wench, here youngſters, to you all,
You are ſilent, here's that will make you talke.
Wenches, me thinke you fit like Puritants,
Neuer a Ieaſt abroad to make them laugh?
Ful. Sir, ſince you moue ſpeech of a Puritant,
If you will giue me audience I will tell ye
As good a Ieaſt as euer you did heare.
Old Ar. A Ieaſt, thats excellent.
Iuſt. Before hand lets prepare our ſelues to laugh,
A Ieaſt is nothing if it be not grac'd:
Now, now, I pray you when begins this Ieaſt?
Ful. I came vnto a Puritant to wooe her,
And roughly did ſalute her with a kiſſe:
Away quoth ſhe, and rudely puſht me fro her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And ſtill with amorous talke ſhe was ſaluted,
My artleſſe ſpeech with ſcripture was confuted.
Old Lu. Good, good indeed, the beſt that ere I heard.
Old Ar. I promiſe you it was exceeding good.
Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and ſpake her wondrous faire,
But euer ſomewhat did offend her ſight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long hayre:
My skarfe was vp in, my garments hung too low,
My Spaniſh ſhooe was cut too broad at toe.
Iu. Ha, ha, the beſt that euer I heard.
I parted for that time, and came againe,

Seeming

Seeming to be conformd in looke and ſpeech,
My ſhooes were ſharpe toed, and my band was plaine,
Cloſe to my thigh my metamorphis'd breech:
My cloake was narrow Capte, my haire cut ſhorter,
Off went my Skarfe, thus marcht I to the Porter.
All. Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?
Ful. The Porter ſpying me, did lead me in,
Where his faire miſtris ſat reading on a chapter:
Peace to this houſe quoth I, and thoſe within,
Which holy ſpeech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as *I* ſpake, and came her nie,
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.
Inſt. So, ſo, what then, what then?
Old Lu. Forward, I pray forward ſir.
Ful. I ſpake diuinely, and I call'd her ſiſter,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:
By yea and nay, *I* will quoth *I*, and kiſt her,
She bluſht & ſaid that long tongu'd men would tell,
I ſeem'd to be as ſecret as the night,
And ſaid, on ſooth *I* would put out the light.
Old Ar. In ſooth he would, a paſſing paſſing *I*eaſt.
Ful. O do not ſweare quoth ſhe, yet put it out,
Becauſe *I* would not haue you breake your oath.
I felt a bed there as *I* groapt about,
In troath quoth *I*, here will we reſt vs both.
Sweare you in troth quoth ſhe, had you not ſworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in foule ſcorne,
Then you will come quoth *I*; though *I* be loath,
*I*le come quoth ſhe, be it but to keepe your oath.
Iuſt. Tis verie pretie, but now whens the *I*eaſt?
Old Ar. O forward to the *I*eaſt in any caſe.
Old Lu. *I* would not for angell looſe the *I*eaſt.
Ful. Heres right the dunghil Cock that finds a pearle,
To talke of wit to theſe, is as a man

Should caſt out Iewels to a heard of ſwine,
Why in the laſt words did conſiſt the Ieaſt.
Old Luſ. I,in the laſt words? ha,ha,ha,
It was an excellent admired ieaſt,
To them that vnderſtood it.

Enter young Arthur,with a Cup of Wine.

Iuſt. It was indeed,*I* muſt for faſhions ſake
Say as they ſay,but otherwiſe,ô God.
Good M. *Arthur* thankes for our good cheare.
Yon. Ar. Gentlemẽ,welcome all,now heare me ſpeak;
One ſpeciall cauſe that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for auncient grudge that hath long ſince
Continued twixt my modeſt wife and me,
The wrongs that I haue done her,I recant.
In either hand I hold a ſeuerall Cup,
This in the right hand,Wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand pledge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred,ſo haue to thee. *He drinkes.*
Miſ.Ar. The welcom'ſt pledge that yet I euer tooke:
Were this wine poyſon,or did taſte like gall,
The honey ſweet condition of your draught,
Would make it drinke like Nectar,I will pledge you,
Were it the laſt that'I ſhould euer drinke.
Yon.Ar. Make that account; thus Gentlemen you ſee,
Our late diſcord brought to a vnitie.
Ami. Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum,
Eſt habitare fratres in vnum.
Old Ar. My heart doth taſt the ſweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to ſee this ſweete accord.
Old Luſ. Glad quotha,theres not one amongſt vs,
But may be exceeding glad.
Iuſt. I am,I marrie am I,that I am.
Yon.Luſ. The beſt accord that could betide their loues.
Anſ. The worſt accord that could betide my loue.

Ami.

All about to riſe.

Ami. What riſing Gentles, keep your places,
Ile cloſe vp your ſtomackes with a grace.
O Domine & Chare puter,
That giu'ſt vs wine in ſtead of water,
And from the Pond and Riuer cleere,
Mak'ſt nappie Ale and good March Beere,
That ſend'ſt vs ſundry ſorts of meate,
And euery thing we drinke or eate,
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,
Laus Deo ſancte Amen.

Yon. Ar. So much good do ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheare.

Old Luſ. Nay ſo we doo, Ile giue you thankes for all.
Come M. *Iuſtice*, you do walke our way,
And M. *Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,
Weele be the firſt will ſtraine curteſie.

Iuſt. God be with you all.

Exeunt old Arthur, *Luſam, & Iuſtice.*

Ami. Propimus ego ſum, Ile be the next,
And man you home, how ſay you Lady?

Yon. Ar. I pray you do, good ſir *Aminadab.*

Mary. Syr, if it be not too much trouble to you,
Let me intreat that kindneſſe at your hands.

Amina. Intreat, fie, no ſweete Laſſe commaund.
Sic ſo nunc, now take the vpper hand.

Hee mans her away.

Yon. Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our ſakes,
I long to ſee the force my poyſon takes.

Miſ. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,
My loue and heart ſhall on your ſeruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur *his Wife.*

Anſ. So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,
To her rich loue, thy ſeruice is too poore.

Ful.

Ful. For ſhame no more, you had beſt expoſtulate
Your loue with euery ſtraunger, leaue theſe ſighes,
And chaunge them to familiar conference.

Yon. Luſ. Truſt me the vertues of young *Arthurs* wife,
Her conſtancie, modeſt humilitie,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue all women kinde the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O my miſtris, my miſtris, ſhees dead, ſhees gone,
ſhees dead, ſhees gone.

Anſ. What's that he ſayes?

Pip. Out of my way, ſtand back *I* ſay, all ioy from earth (is fled,
She is this day as cold as clay, my Miſtris ſhe is dead:
O Lord, my miſtris, my miſtris. *Exit.*

Anſ. What miſtris *Arhur* dead? my ſoule is vaniſht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quite baniſht:
O *I* am ſicke, my paine growes worſe and worſe,
I am quite ſtrooke thorow with this late diſcourſe.

Ful. What faint thou mã*ll*e lead thee hence for ſhame,
Sound at the tydings of a womans death?
*I*ntollerable, and beyond all thought,
Come my loues foole, giue me thy hand to lead,
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*

Yong Luſ. But now ſhe was as well as well might be,
And on the ſudden dead; ioy in exceſſe
Hath ouerrunne her poore diſturbed ſoule.
*I*le after and ſee how Maiſter *Arthur* takes it.
His former hate far more ſuſpitious makes it. *Exit.*

Enter Hugh.

Hu. My M. hath left his gloues behind where he ſat in his chaire, and hath ſent me to fetch them, it is ſuch an old ſnudge, he will not looſe the dropping of his noſe.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O Miſtris, ô *Hugh*, ô *Hugh*, ô Miſtris, *Hugh I* muſt needs

needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatike, I muſt fall vpon thee, my Miſtris is dead.

Hu. O M. *Pipkin*, what do you meane, what do you meane M. *Pipkin?*

Pip. O *Hue*, ô Miſtris, ô Miſtris, ô *Hue.*

Hu. O *Pipkin*, ô God, ô God, ô *Pipkin.*

Pip. O *Hue*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuſe, ô death, ô Miſtris, ô Miſtris, ô death. *Exit.*

Hu. Death quotha, he hath almoſt made me dead with beating.

Enter Reaſon, old Arthur, and old Luſam.

Iuſt. I wonder why the knaue my man ſtayes thus, And comes not backe, ſee where the villaine loyters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra. O M. *Iuſtice*, M. *Arthur*, M. *Luſam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluſter, my Miſtris is dead, dead is my Miſtris, and therefore hang your ſelues, ô my Miſtris, my Miſtris. *Exit.*

Old Ar. My ſonnes wife dead?

Old Luſ. My daughter.

Enter young Arthur mourning.

Iuſt. Miſtris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

Yong Ar. O here the wofuls husband comes aliue, No husband now, the wight that did vphold That name of husband is now quite orethrowne, And I am left a hapleſſe Widower.

Old Ar. Faine would I ſpeake, if griefe would ſuffer me.

Old Luſ. As Maiſter *Arthur* ſayes, ſo ſay I, If griefe would let me, I would weeping die, To be thus hapleſſe in my aged yeares, O I would ſpeake, but my words melt to teares.

Yong Ar. Go in, go in, and view the ſweeteſt Courſe That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome, You cannot ſpeake for weeping ſorrowes doome.

Badnewes are rife, good tidings ſildome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anſelme.

An. What frantike humor doth thus haunt my ſence,
Striuing to breed deſtruction in my ſpirit?
When I would ſleepe, the ghoſt of my ſweete loue,
Appeares vnto me in an Angels ſhape,
When I am wake, my phantaſie preſents
As in a glaſſe, the ſhadow of my loue:
When I would ſpeake, her name intrudes it ſelfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my ſpeech.
And though my thought beget ſome other word,
Yet will my tongue ſpeake nothing but her name:
If I do meditate it is on her,
If dreame on her, or if diſcourſe on her,
I thinke her ghoſt doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darkneſſe old wiues tales report,

Enter Fuller.

Here comes my bitter Genius, whoſe aduice
Directs me ſtill in all my actions.
How now, from whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the ſtreet, in which as I paſt by,
I met the modeſt Miſtris *Arthurs* Courſe:
And after her as mourners, firſt her husband,
Next Iuſtice *Reaſon*, then old M. *Arthur*,
Old M. *Luſam*, and young *Luſam* too,
With many other kinsfolks, neighbours, friends,
And others that lament her Funerall,
Her bodie is by this laid in the vault.

Anſ. And in that vault my bodie I will lay,
I prithee leaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am ſure you ieaſt, you meane not as you ſay.

Anſ. No, no, Ile but go to the Church and pray.

Ful. Nay then we ſhall be troubled with your humor.

Anſ. As euer thou didſt loue me, or as euer

Thou

Thou didſt delight in my ſocietie,
By all the rights of friendſhip, and of loue,
Let me intreat thy abſence but one houre,
And at the houres end I will come to thee.
Ful. Nay if you wil be fooliſh, and paſt reaſon,
Ile waſh my hands like *Pilate*, from thy follie,
And ſuffer thee in theſe extremities.

Exit.

Anſ. Now it is night, & the bright lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out, now bright Adelbora
Welcomes the cheerefull Day-ſtar to the Faſt,
And harmleſſe ſtilneſſe hath poſſeſt the world.
This is the Church, this hollow is the Vault,
Where the dead bodie of my Saint remaines,
And this the Coffin that inſhrines her bodie,
For her bright ſoule is now in paradice.
My comming is with no intent of ſinne,
Or to defile the bodie of the dead,
But rather take my laſt farewell of her,
Or languiſhing and dying by her ſide.
My ayrie ſoule poſt after hers to heauen,
Firſt with this lateſt kiſſe I ſeale my loue.
Her lips are warme, and *I* am much deceiu'd
If that ſhe ſtirre not: ô this Golgotha,
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Preſenting fearfull apparitions.

Miſtreſſe Arthur in the Tombe.

It is ſome ſpirit that in the Coffin lies,
And makes my haire ſtart vp an end with feare,
Come to thy ſelfe faint heart, ſhe ſits vpright,
O *I* would hide me, but *I* know not where;
Tuſh if it be a ſpirit, tis a good ſpirit,
For with her bodie liuing, ill ſhe knew not,
And with her bodie dead, ill cannot meddle.

Miſ.Ar. Who am I? or where am *I*?

Anſ. O ſhe ſpeakes, and by her language now *I* know ſhe liues.

Mi.Ar. O who can tell me where *I* am become?
For in this darknes I haue loſt my ſelfe,
I am not dead, for I haue ſence and life,
How come *I* then in this Coffin buried?

Anſ. *Anſelme* be bold ſhe liues, and Deſtinie
Hath traind thee hither to redeeme her life.

Miſ.Ar. Liues any mongſt theſe dead? none but my ſelfe.

Anſ. O yes, a man whoſe heart till now was dead,
Liues and reuiues at your returne to life:
Nay ſtart not, I am *Anſelme*, one who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you more then became me well,
Was hither ſent by ſome ſtrange prouidence,
To bring you from theſe hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.

Miſ.Ar. *I* vnderſtand you, and I thanke the heauens,
That ſent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And I embrace my ſafetie with good will.

Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.

Ami. *Mane Citus lectum fuge mollem diſcute ſomnum,*
Templa pet as ſupplex & veneraria deum. (pray,
Shake off thy ſleepe, get vp betimes, go to the church and
And neuer feare, God wil thee heare, & keepe thee all the
Good counſel boyes, obſerue it, marke it well, (day.
This early riſing, this diliculo,
Is good both for your bodies and your minds.
Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,
Mean time vnlooſe your ſachels & your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your leſſons boyes.

1. Boy. O Lord M. whats that in the white ſheete?

Ami. In the white ſheete my boy, *Dic vbi*, where?

Boy.

Boy. *Vide* Maiſter, *vide illic* there.

Ami. O *Domine*, *Domine*, keep vs from euill,
A charme from fleſh, the world, & the diuell.

Exeunt running.

Miſ. Ar. O tel me not my husband was ingrate,
Or that he did attempt to poyſon me,
Or that he laid me here, and I was dead,
Theſe are no meanes at all to win my loue.

Anſ. Sweet Miſtris, he bequath'd you to the earth,
You promis'd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promiſe, but now ſince
The world, your husbād, & your friends ſuppoſe
That you are dead, grant me but one requeſt,
And I will ſweare neuer to ſollicite more,
Your ſacred thoughts to my diſhoneſt loue.

Miſ. Ar. So your demand may be no preiudiſe
To my chaſt name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No ſute that may concern my Wedlock breach,
I yeeld vnto it, but to paſſe the bands of modeſtie & cha-
Firſt will I bequeath my ſelfe againe ſtitie,
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my ſoule with blacke impuritie.

An. Take here my hand & faithful hart to gage,
That I will neuer tempt you more to ſinne:
This my requeſt is, ſince your husband doates
Vpon a leaud laſciuious Curtezan,
Since he hath broke the bands of your chaſte bed,
And like a murderer ſent you to your graue,
Do but go with me to my mothers houſe,
There ſhall you liue in ſecret for a ſpace,
Onely to ſee the end of ſuch leaud luſt,
And know the difference of a chaſte wifes bed,
And one whoſe life is in all looſeneſſe led. (held,

Miſ. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron

Her counſell, conference, and companie,
May much auaile me, there a ſpace Ile ſtay,
Vpon condition as you ſaid before,
You neuer will moue your vnchaſte ſute more.
An. My faith is pawnd, ô neuer had chaſte wife,
A husband of ſo leaud and vnchaſt life. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marie Brabo, and Splay.

Bra. Miſtris I long haue ſeru'd you, euen ſince
Theſe briſled hayres vpon my graue like chin
Were all vnborne: when *I* firſt came to you
Theſe Infant feathers of theſe rauens wings,
Were not once begunne.
Spl. No indeed they were not.
Bra. Now in my two Muchatoes for a need,
Wanting a rope, I well could hang my ſelfe:
I prithee Miſtris, for all my long ſeruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Marry come vp you blockhead, you great aſſe,
What would'ſt thou haue me marie with a diuel,
But peace, no more, here comes the ſilly foole
That we ſo long haue ſet our lime-twigs for,
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.
Yong Ar. What Miſtris *Mary*!
Ma. O good maiſter *Arthur*, where haue you bene this
weeke, this moneth, this yeare?
This yeare ſaid I? where haue you bene this age?
Vnto a Louer euery minute ſeemes time out of minde.
How ſhould *I* thinke you loue me,
That can indure to ſtay ſo long from me?
Yong Ar. In faith ſweet heart I ſaw thee yeſternight.
Ma. I true, you did, but ſince you ſaw me not,
At twelue a clocke you parted from my houſe,

And

And now tis morning, and new ſtrucken ſeuen.
Seuen houres thou ſtaidſt frō me, why didſt thou ſo?
They are my ſeuen yeares Prentiſhip of woe.
Yong Ar. I prithee be patient, I had ſome occaſion
That did inforce me from thee yeſternight.
Ma. I you are ſoone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dote on one that nought reſpecteth me:
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And euerie one ſhall haue their deſtinie.
Yong Ar. Nay weepe not wench, thou woundſt mee with thy teares.
Mary. I am a foole, and ſo you make me too,
Theſe teares were better kept, then ſpent in waſte,
On one that neither tenders them nor me:
What remedie, but if I chance to die,
Or to miſcarrie with that I go withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cauſe thereof.
You told me, that when your wife was dead,
You would forſake all others, and take me.
Yong Ar. I told thee ſo, & I will keep my word,
And for that end I came thus early to thee:
I haue procur'd a licence, and this night
We will be married in a lawleſſe Church. (eaſe
Ma. Theſe newes reuiue me, & do ſomewhat
The thought that was new gotten to my heart.
But ſhall it be to night?
Yong Ar. I wench, to night.
A ſennet and odde dayes ſince my wife died
Is paſt alreadie, and her timeleſſe death,
Is but a nine daies talke, come go with me,
And it ſhall be diſpatched preſently.
Ma. Nay then I ſee thou loueſt me, & I finde
By this laſt motiō, thou art growne more kinde.
Yong Ar. My loue and kindneſſe like my age ſhal grow,

And

And with the time increaſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
The older *I* grow, the kinder *I* will bee.
Ma. *I* ſo *I* hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age ſhall day by day decline.
Come, ſhall we goe?
Yong Ar. With thee to the worlds end.
Whoſe beautie moſt admire, and all commend.
Exeunt.

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

An. Tis true as I relate the circumſtance,
And ſhe is with my mother ſafe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alledge
Againſt her husband, not for all the loue
That on my owne part I can vrge her too,
Will ſhe be wonne to gratifie my loue.
Ful. All things are full of ambiguitie,
And I admire this wondrous accident.
But *Anſelme*, *Arthur's* about a new wife, a *bona roba*,
How will ſhe take it when ſhe heares this newes?
An. I thinke euen as a vertuous Matron ſhould;
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget ſome pittie from her flintie heart,
And I will vrge her with it preſently.
Ful. Vnleſſe report be falſe, they are linkt already,
They are faſt as words can tie them: *I* will tell thee
How I by chance did meet him the laſt night.
One ſaid to me, this *Arthur* did intend
To haue a wife, and preſently to marrie:
Amidſt the ſtreet *I* met him as my friend,
And to his Loue a preſent he did carrie.
It was ſome ring, ſome ſtomacher, or toy,
I ſpake to him, and bad God giue him ioy.
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what *I* pray?
Marrie quoth *I*, your wedding that is toward.

Tis

Tis falſe quoth he,& would haue gone his way.
Come,come,quoth I,ſo neare it,& ſo froward:
I vrg'd him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall not to forget my gloues.
Then he began,your kindneſſe hath bene great,
Your curteſie great,and your loue not common,
Yet ſo much fauour pray let me intreat,
To be excus'd from marrying any woman.
I knew the wench that is become his Bride,
And ſmil'd to thinke how deepely he had lide,
For firſt he ſwore he did not court a maide,
A wife he could not,ſhe was elſe-where tied,
And as for ſuch as widowes were,he ſaid,
And deeply ſwore, none ſuch ſhuld be his bride.
Widow,nor wife,nor maide,I askt no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Miſtreſſe Arthur.

Anſ. Is it not Miſtris *Mary* that you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* houſe?
Ful. The ſame,the ſame,here comes the Gentlewoman,
Oh Miſtris *Arthur*,I am of your counſell,
Welcome from death to life.
Anſ. Miſtris,this gentleman hath news to tel ye,
And as you like of it,ſo think of me.
Ful. Your husband hath alreadie got a wife,
A huffing wench yfaith,whoſe ruffling ſilkes,
Make with their motion,muſicke vnto loue,
And you are quite forgotten.
Anſ. I haue ſworne to moue this my vnchaſte demand no more.
Ful. When doth your colour change?
When doth your eyes Sparkle with fire to reuenge theſe wrongs?
When doth your tongue breake into rage and wrath,

Againſt that ſcum of manhood, your vile husband,
He firſt miſvde you.
Anſ. And yet can you loue him?
Ful. He left your chaſte bed, to defile the bed
Of ſacred marriage with a Curtezan.
Anſ. Yet can you loue him?
Ful. And not content with this,
Abus'd your honeſt name with ſtaundrous words,
And fild your huſht houſe with vnquietneſſe.
Anſel. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Nay did he not with his rude fingers daſh you on the face,
And double dye your Corrall lips with bloud?
Hath he not torne thoſe Gold wyers from your head,
Wherewith *Apollo* would haue ſtrung his Harpe,
And kept them to play muſicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beate you, and with his rude fiſts,
Vpõ that Crimzon temperature of your cheeks,
Laid a lead colour with his boyſtrous blowes.
Anſel. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Then did he not
Eyther by poiſon, or ſome other plot,
Send you to death, where by his Prouidence,
God hath preſeru'd you by wondrous myracle:
Nay after death hath he not ſcandaliz'd
Your place, with an immodeſt Curtizan?
Anſ. And can you loue him yet?
Miſ. Ar. And yet, and yet, and ſtill, and euer whilſt I breathe this ayre.
Nay after death my vnſubſtantiall ſoule,
Like a good Angell ſhall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he married, much good do his heart,
Pray God ſhe may content him better farre

Then

Then I haue done: long may they liue in peace,
Till *I* diſturbe their ſolace; but becauſe
I teare ſome miſchiefe doth hang ore his head,
Ile weepe mine eyes drie with my preſent care,
And for their healths make hoarce my toong with praier.
Exit.

Ful. Art ſure ſhe is a woman? if ſhe be,
She is create of Natures puritie.
Anſ. O yes, *I* too well know ſhe is a woman,
Henceforth my vertue ſhall my loue withſtand,
And on my ſtriuing thoughts get the vpper hād.
Ful. Then thus reſolu'd, *I* ſtraight will drinke to thee,
A health thus deepe, to drowne thy melancholy.
Exeunt.

Enter Mary, yong Arthur, Brabe, and Splay.

Ma. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall *I* not goe abroad but when you pleaſe?
Can I not now and then meete with my friends,
But at my comming home you will controwle me?
Marrie come vp.
Yong Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather wheres become my former ſpleene?
I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo.
Ma. Why you lacke ſawce, you Cuckold, you what not,
What am not *I* of age ſufficient
To go and come ſtill when my pleaſure ſerues,
But muſt I haue you ſir to queſtion me?
Not haue my will? yes I will haue my will.
Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo,
But ſhee is dead.
Bra. Not haue her will, ſir ſhe ſhall haue her will,
She ſaies ſhe will, and ſir *I* ſay ſhe ſhall.
Not haue her will? that were a *leaſt* indeed.
Who ſaies ſhe ſhall not, if I be diſpoſde

To man her forth, who ſhall finde fault with it?
What's he that dare ſay black's her eie?
Though you be married ſir, yet you muſt know
That ſhe was euer borne to haue her will.

Splay. Not haue her wil, Gods paſſion *I* ſay ſtill,
A woman's no bodie that wants her will.

Yong Ar. Where is my ſpirit, what ſhal I main-
A ſtrumpet with a *Brabo* and her bawd, (taine
To beard me out of my authortie.
What am I from a maiſter made a ſlaue?

Ma. A ſlaue? nay worſe, doſt thou maintain my man,
And this my maide? tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I will not be dreſt ſo
While thy Gold laſts, but then moſt willingly
I will bequeath thee to flat beggerie.
I do alreadie hate thee, do thy worſt,
Nay touch me if thou darſt: what ſhall he beate me?

Bra. Ile make him ſeeke his fingers mongſt the dogges,
That dares to touch my Miſtreſſe: neuer feare,
My ſword ſhall ſmooth the wrinckles of his browes
That bends a frowne vpon my Miſtreſſe.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo,
But God is iuſt.

Ma. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
What in this world would moſt torment thy ſoule,
That *I* would doo: would all my euill vſage
Could make thee ſtraight diſpaire, and hang thy ſelfe.
Now I remember, where is *Arthurs* man
Pipkin, that ſlaue? go turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur*, ſhall haue houſe-roome here.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* diſcard the fellow.

Yong Ar. Shall *I* be ouermaiſtred in my owne?
Be thy ſelfe *Arthur*, ſtrumpet he ſhall ſtay.

Mary.

Mary. What ſhall he *Brabo*, ſhall he Miſtris *Splay?*

Bra. Shall he? he ſhall not: breathes there any liuing,
Dares ſay he ſhall, when *Brabo* ſaies he ſhall not?

Yong Ar. Is there no law for this? ſhe is my wife,
Should *I* complaine, *I* ſhould be rather mockt:
I am content, keepe by thee whom thou liſt.
Diſcharge whom thou thinkſt good, do what thou wilt,
Riſe, go to bed, ſtay at home, or go abroad
At thy good pleaſure keepe all companies:
So that for all this, *I* may haue but peace.
Be vnto me as *I* was to my wife,
Onely giue me what *I* denied her then,
A litle loue, and ſome ſmall quietneſſe.
If he diſpleaſe thee, turne him out of doores.

Pip. Who me? turne me out of doores? is this all the wages *I* ſhall haue at the yeares end, to bee turned out of doores? you Miſtris, you are a.

Splay. A what? ſpeake, a what? touch her, and touch me; taint her, and taint me; ſpeake, ſpeake, a what?

Pip. Marrie a woman that is kin to the froſt.

Splay. How do you meane that? (ſtand.

Pip. And you are a kin to the Latine word, tovnder-

Splay. And whats that?

Pip. Subaudi, ſubaudi: and ſir, doo you not vſe to pinke (doublets?

Splay. And why?

Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kindred; you are a common couzener, euerie bodie calls you couſen: beſides, they ſay you are a verie good Warrener, you haue beene an olde Coney-catcher: but if I bee turned a begging, as I know not what I am borne too, and that you euer come to the ſaid Trade, as nothing is vnpoſſible, Ile ſet all the Common-wealth of beggers on your back, and all the Congregation of vermine ſhall be put to your keeping, and then if you bee not more bitten then all the

Companie of beggers beſides, Ile not haue my will: zounds turnd out of doores, Ile goe and ſet vp my Trade, a diſh to drink in that I haue within, a wallet that Ile make of an old ſhirt, then my ſpeech for the Lordes ſake, *I* beſeech your worſhip, then *I* muſt haue a lame leg, Ile go to footeball and breake my ſhinnes, and I am prouided for that.

Bra. What ſtands the villain prating, hence you ſlaue.

Exit Pipkin.

Ton.Ar. Art thou yet pleaſd?

Ma. When *I* haue had my humor.

Ton.Ar. Good friends for manners ſake a while with-(draw.

Bra. It is our pleaſure ſir to ſtand aſide.

Tong Ar. *Mary* what cauſe haſt thou to vſe me thus?

From nothing I haue raiſd thee to much wealth,
Twas more then I did owe thee: many a pound,
Nay many a hundred pound *I* ſpent on thee
In my wiues time, and once but by my meanes
Thou hads bin in much danger, but in all things
My purſe and credit euer bare thee out:
I did not owe thee this, I had a wife
That would haue laid her ſelfe beneath my feete
To do me ſeruice, her *I* ſet at naught
For the intire affection *I* bare thee.
To ſhew that *I* haue lou'd thee, haue *I* not
Aboue all wemen made chiefe choyce of thee?
An argument ſufficient of my loue,
What reaſon then haſt thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

Ton.Ar. O but ſuch humors honeſt wiues ſhuld purge:
Ile ſhew thee a far greater inſtance yet
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,
Thou kneweſt my brothers wife, was ſhe not faire?

Mary. So ſo.

Tong

Yong Ar. But more then faire, was ſhe not vertuous,
Endued with the beautie of the minde?

Yon. Ar. Faith ſo they ſaid.

Yong Ar. Harke in thine eare, Ile truſt thee with my life,
Then which what greater inſtance of my loue:
Thou kneweſt full well how ſodainly ſhe died,
To enioy thy loue euen then I poyſoned her.

Ma. How poyſoned her! accurſed murderer,
Ile ring this fatall larum in all eares,
Then which what greater inſtance of my hate.

Yong Ar. Wilt thou not keep my counſell? (her.

Ma. Villain no, thoult poiſon me as thou haſt poiſoned

Yong. Ar. Doſt thou reward me thus for all my loue?
Then *Arthur* flie and ſeeke to ſaue thy life,
O difference twixt a chaſt and vnchaſt wife. *Exit.*

Ma. Purſue the murderer, apprehend him ſtrait.

Bra. Why whats the matter Miſtris?

Ma. This villain *Arthur* poiſoned his firſt wife,
Which he in ſecret hath confeſt to me:
Goe and fetch warrants from the Iuſtices
To attach the murderer, he once hangd and dead,
His wealth is mine: purſue the ſlaue thats dead.

Bra. Miſtris *I* will, he ſhall not paſſe this land
But *I* will bring him bound with this ſtrong hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Miſtris Arthur.

Miſ: Ar. O what are the vaine pleaſures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them ſo?
Had I bene borne a ſeruant, my low life
Had ſtedie ſtood from all theſe miſeries:
The wauing reeds ſtand free from euery guſt,
VVhen the tall okes are rent vp by the rootes:
VVhat is vaine bewtie but an Idle breath?
VVhy are we proud of that which ſo ſoone changes?

But

But rather wiſh the bewtie of the minde,
Which neither time can alter, ſickneſſe change,
Violence deface, nor the black hand of enuie,
Smudge & diſgrace, or ſpoile, or make deformd.
O had my riotous husband borne this minde,
He had bene happie, *I* had bene more bleſt,
And peace had prought our quiet ſoules to reſt.

Enter young Arthur *poorely.*

Yong Ar. O whither ſhall *I* flie to ſaue my life,
When murther and diſpaire dogs at my heeles?
O miſerie, thou neuer foundſt a friend,
All friends forſake men in aduerſitie:
My brother hath denied to ſuccour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murderer.
My vncles double barre their doores againſt me;
My father hath denied to ſhelter me,
And curſt me worſe then *Adam* did vile *Eue.*
I that within theſe two daies had more friends
Then *I* could number with Arithmatike,
Haue now no more then one poore Cipher is,
And that poore Cipher *I* ſupply my ſelfe.
All that *I* durſt commit my fortunes too,
I haue tried, & finde none to relieue my wants,
My ſudden flight, and feare of future ſhame,
Left me vnfurniſht of all neceſſaries,
And theſe three daies *I* haue not taſted foode.

Miſ: Ar: *It* is my husband, ô how iuſt is heauen!
Poorely diſguis'd, and almoſt hunger-ſtaru'd.
How comes this change?

Yon. Ar. Doth no man follow me?
O how ſuſpicious guiltie murder is,
I ſtarue for hunger, and *I* die for thirſt:
Had *I* a kingdome *I* would ſell my Crowne
For a ſmall bit of bread: *I* ſhame to beg,

And

And yet perforce I muſt or beg or ſtarue.
This houſe belike longs to ſome gentlewoman,
And heres a woman, I will beg of her:
Good miſtris looke vpon a proore mans wants.
Whom do I ſee? tuſh *Arthur* ſhe is dead:
But that I ſaw her dead and buried,
I would haue ſworne it had bene *Arthurs* wife:
But I will leaue her, ſhame forbids me beg
On one ſo much reſembles her.
Miſ. Ar. Come hither fellow, wherfore doſt thou turn
Thy guiltie lookes and bluſhing face aſide?
It ſeemes thou haſt not bene brought vp to this.
Yong Ar. You ſay true miſtris: then for charitie,
And for her ſake whom you reſemble moſt,
Pittie my preſent want and miſerie.
Miſ. Ar. It ſeemes thou haſt bene in ſome better plight,
Sit downe I prithee, men though they be poore,
Should not be ſcorn'd: to eaſe thy hunger, firſt
Eate theſe Conſerues: and now I prithee tell me,
What thou haſt bene, thy fortunes, thy eſtate,
And what ſhe was that I reſemble moſt?
Yong Ar. Firſt looke that no man ſee, or ouerheare vs,
I thinke that ſhape was borne to do me good.
Miſ. Ar. Haſt thou knowne one that did reſemble me?
Yong. Ar. I Miſtris, I cannot chuſe but weepe
To call to minde the fortunes of her youth.
Miſ. Ar. Tell me, of what eſtate or birth was ſhe?
Yong Ar. Borne of good parents, & as well brought vp.
Moſt faire, but not ſo faire as vertuous,
Happie in all things but her marriage.
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his leaud life made them both miſcarrie.
Miſ. Ar. Why doſt thou grieue at their aduerſities?
Yong Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinſman was,

Nearer to me a kinſman could not be,
As neare allied was that chaſte woman too,
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife:
He whom I term'd my friend, no friend of mine,
Prouing both mine and his owne enemie,
Poyſoned his wife, ô the time he did ſo,
Ioyed at her death, inhumane ſlaue to do ſo,
Exchang'd her loue for a baſe ſtrumpets luſt;
Foule wretch, accurſed villaine, to exchange ſo.
Miſ. Ar. You are wiſe, and bleſt, and happie to repent ſo,
But what became of him and his new wife?
Yong Ar. O heare the iuſtice of the higheſt heauen,
This ſtrumpet in reward of all his loue,
Purſues him for the death of his firſt wife,
And now the wofull husband languiſheth,
Flies vpon purſu'd by her farree hate,
And now too late he doth repent her ſinne,
Readie to periſh in his owne diſpaire,
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.
Miſ. Ar. I can indure no more but I muſt weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counſell keepe.
Yong Ar. Why weep you Miſtris? if you had the heart
Of her whom you reſemble in your face,
But ſhe is dead, and for her death,
The ſpunge of either eye,
Shall weepe red teares till euerie vaine is drie.
Miſ. Ar. Why weep you friend, your rainie drops keepe
Repentance wipes away the drops of ſin.
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honour'd him, to kill.
Yet ſay one like her, farre more chaſte then faire,
Bids him be of good comfort, not deſpaire.
Her ſoule's appeaſd with her repentant teares,
Wiſhing he may ſurniue her many yeares.

Faine

Faine would I giue him mony to ſupply
His preſent wants, but fearing he ſhould flie,
And getting ouer to ſome forrain ſhore,
Theſe rainy eyes ſhould neuer ſee him more.
My hart is full, I can no longer ſtay,
But what I am my loue muſt needs bewray.
Farewell good fellow, and take this to ſpend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend. *Exit.*

Yong Ar. No friend of mine, I was my owne ſoules foe
To murther my chaſt wife, that lou'd me ſo.
In life ſhe lou'd me dearer then her life,
What husband here, but would wiſh ſuch a wife.
I heare the Officers with hue and crie,
She ſau'd my life but now, and now I die.
And welcome death, I will not ſtir from hence,
Death *I* deſeru'd, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with Officers, Splay and Hugh.

Bra. Here is the murtherer, and *Reaſons* man
You haue the warrant: Sirs laie hands on him,
Attach the ſlaue, and lead him bound to death.

Hu. No by my faith M. *Brabo*, you haue the better hart, at leaſt you ſhould haue: *I* am ſure you haue more Iron and ſteele, then *I* haue, do you laie hands vpon him, I promiſe you *I* dare not.

Bra. Conſtables forward, forward Officers,
I will not thruſt my finger in the fire.
Laie hands on him *I* ſay, why ſtep you backe?
I meane to be the hindmoſt, leaſt that any
Should runne away and leaue the reſt in perill:
Stand forward, are you not aſham'd to feare?

Yon. Ar. Nay neuer ſtriue, behold *I* yeeld my ſelfe,
I muſt commend your reſolution,
That being ſo many and ſo weapond,
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarmd.

Now lead me to what priſon you thinke beſt,
Yet vſe me well, I am a Gentleman.

Hue. Truly M. *Arthur* we will vſe you as well as heart can thinke, the Iuſtices ſit to day, and my Miſtris is chiefe, you ſhall commaund me.

Bra. What hath he yeelded? if he had withſtood vs,
This Curtelax of mine had cleft his head:
Reſiſt he durſt not when he once ſpied me.
Come lead him hence, how likeſt thou this ſweet witch?
This fellowes death will make our miſtris rich.

Splay. I ſay I care not whoſe dead or aliue,
So by their liues or deaths, we two may thriue.

Hue. Come beare him away.

Enter Iuſtice Reaſon, old Arthur, old Luſam.

Iuſt. Old M. *Arthur* and M. *Luſam*, ſo it is, that I haue heard both your complaints, but vnderſtood neither, for you know *Legere & non intelligere negligere eſt.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father ſhould,
Pittying the fall and ruine of his ſonne.

Old Luſ. I come for iuſtice, as a father ſhould,
That hath by violent murder loſt his daughter.

Iuſt. You come for fauour, and you come for iuſtice,
Iuſtice with fauour is not partiall,
And vſing that, I hope to pleaſe you both.

Old Ar. Good M. Iuſtice thinke vpon my ſonne.

Old Luſ. Good M. Iuſtice thinke vpon my daughter.

Iuſt. Why ſo I do, I thinke vpon them both,
But can do neither of you good:
For he that liues muſt die, and ſhe thats dead,
Cannot be reuiued.

Old Ar. *Luſam*, thou ſeekſt to rob me of my ſonne, my onely ſonne.

Old Luſ. Hee robd mee of my daughter, my onely daughter.

Iuſt. And robbers are flat fellons by the law.

Old Ar. *Luſam, I* ſay thou art a blood-ſucker,
A tyrant, a remorſleſſe Caniball:
Old as *I* am Ile proue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am *I* a blood-ſucker or Caniball?
Am *I* a tyrant that do thirſt for blood?

Old Ar. If thou ſeekſt the ruine of my ſonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a blood-ſucker.

Old Lu. If *I* ſeeke the ruine of thy ſonne *I* am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay more thou art a dotard.
And in the right of my accurſed ſonne,
I chalendge thee the field, meet me *I* ſay
To morrow morning beſides *Iſlington*,
And bring thy ſword & buckler if thou darſt.

Old Lu. Meet thee with my ſword & buckler,
there's my gloue,
Ile meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.
Call'ſt thou me dotard, though theſe threeſcore yeares,
I neuer handled weapon but a knife
To cut my meate, yet wil I meet thee there.
Gods precious call me dotard.

Old Arthur. I haue cauſe,
Iuſt cauſe to call thee dotard, haue *I* not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter haue you cauſe,
Then God forbid that *I* ſhould take exceptions
To be cald dotard of one that hath cauſe.

Iuſt. My Maiſters you muſt leaue this quarrelling, for quarrellers are neuer at peace, and mē of peace while they are at quiet are neuer quarrelling; ſo you whilſt you fall into brawles, you cannot chuſe but Iar. Here comes your ſonne accuſed, & your wife the accuſer: ſtand forth both. *Hugh* be readie with your pen and *Inke* to take their examinations and confeſſions.

Enter Mary, Splay, Brabo, yong Arthur, Hue, and Officers.

Yong Ar. It ſhall not need, *I* do confeſſe the deed,
Of which this woman here accuſeth me:
I poiſoned my firſt wife, and for that deed
I yeeld me to the mercie of the lawe.

Old Luſ. Villaine, thou meanſt my onely daughter,
And in her death depriuedſt me of all ioyes.

Yong Ar. *I* meane her, I do confeſſe the deed,
And though my bodie taſte the force of Lawe,
Like an offender, on my knee *I* begges,
Your angrie ſoule will pardon me her death.

Old Luſ. Nay if he kneeling do confeſſe the deed,
No reaſon but I ſhould forgiue her death.

Iuſt. But ſo the law muſt not be ſatiſfied,
Bloud muſt haue bloud, and men muſt haue death,
I thinke that cannot be diſpenc'd withall.

Ma. If all the world elſe would forgiue the deed,
Yet would I earneſtly purſue the law.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo,
The wealth of *Europe* could not hire her tongue,
To be offenſiue to my patient cares,
But in exchanging her, *I* did preferre
A diuell before a Saint, night before day,
Hell before heauen, and droſſe before tried gold,
Neuer was bargaine with ſuch dammage ſold.

Bra. If you want witneſſe to confirme the deed,
I heard him ſpeake it, and that to his face
Before this preſence I will iuſtifie,
I will not part hence till I ſee him ſwing.

Splay. *I* heard him too, pittie but he ſhould die,
And like a murderer be ſent to hell,
To poyſon her, and make her belly ſwell.

Ma. Why ſtay you then, giue iudgement on the ſlaue,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſhameleſſe life deſerues a ſhamefull graue.

Yong Ar. Deaths bitter pangs are not ſo full of griefe,
As this vnkindneſſe: euery word thou ſpeakſt,
*I*s a ſharpe dagger thruſt quite through my heart.
As little I deſerue this at thy hands,
As my kinde patient wife deſeru'd of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then wherefore at iuſt plagues ſhould I repine?

Iuſt. Where didſt thou buy this poiſon? for ſuch drugs
Are felonie for any man to ſell.

Yong Ar. I had the poiſon of *Aminadab*,
But innocent man, he was not acceſſarie
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.

Iuſt. No matter, fetch him, fetch him, bring him
To anſwere to this matter at the barre:
Hue, take theſe Officers and apprehend him.

Bar. Ile aide him too, the ſchoolemaiſter I ſee
Perhaps may hang with him for companie.

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

Anſ. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination
And triall for the murder of his wife:
Lets heare how Iuſtice *Reaſon* will proceed,
In cenſuring of his ſtrickt puniſhment.

Ful. Anſelme content, lets thruſt in among the throng.

Enter Aminadab, brought in with Officers.

Ami. O *Domine*, what meane theſe knaues,
To lead me thus with bills and glaues?
O what example would it bee,
To all my pupills for to ſee,
To tread their ſteps all after me:
If for ſome fault I hanged be:
Somewhat ſurely I ſhall marre,
If you bring me to the barre.
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,

For

For yonder Iuſtice *Reaſon* ſits.

Iuſt. Sir Dad, Sir Dab, heres one accuſeth you
To giue him poiſon being ill imploied,
Speak how in this caſe you can cleare your ſelfe.

Ami. Hei mihi, what ſhuld *I* ſay, the poiſon giuē *I* denay:
He tooke it perforce frō my hands, and *domine* why not *I*
Got it of a gentleman, he moſt freely gaue it,
Aske he knew me, a meanes was only to haue it.

Yong Ar. Tis true *I* tooke it from this man perforce,
And ſnatcht it from his hand by rude conſtraint,
Which proues him in this act not culpable.

Iuſt. *I* but who ſold the poiſon vnto him?
That muſt be likewiſe knowne, ſpeake ſchoole-maiſter.

Ami. A man *verboſus*, that was a fine *generoſus*,
He was a great guller, his name *I* take to be *Fuller*:
See where he ſtands that vnto my hands conueyed a powder,
And like a knaue ſen her to her graue obſcurely to ſhroud her.

Iuſt. Laie hands on him, are you a poiſon ſeller?
Bring him before vs, ſirra what ſay you,
Sold you a poiſon to this honeſt man?

Ful. *I* ſold no poiſon, but *I* gaue him one
To kill his Rats.

Iuſt. Ha, ha, *I* ſmell a Rat.
You ſold him poiſon then to kill his Rats?
The word to kill, argues a murdrous mind:
And you are brought in compaſſe of the murder:
So ſet him by we will not heare him ſpeake.
That *Arthur Fuller* and the ſchoole-maiſter,
Shall by the *I*udges be examined.

Anſ. Sir if my friend may not ſpeak for himſelf
Yet let me his proceedings iuſtifie.

Iuſt.

Iuſt. Whats he that will a murther iuſtifie?
Lay hands on him, laie hands on him I ſay,
For iuſtifiers are all acceſſaries,
And acceſſaries haue deſeru'd to die.
Away with him, we will not heare him ſpeake,
They all ſhall to the high Commiſſioners.

Enter Miſtris Arthur.

Miſ. Ar. Nay ſtay them, ſtay them yet a little while,
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I will pleaſe all parties preſently. (death,
Yong Ar. I thinke my wiues ghoſt haunts me to my
Wretch that I was to ſhorten her liues breath.
Old Ar. Whom do I ſee my ſonnes wife?
Old Luſ. What my daughter?
Iuſt. Is it not Miſtris *Arthur* that we ſee,
That long ſince buried we ſuppoſde to bee.
Miſ. Ar. This man is cõdemd for poyſoning of his wife,
His poyſoned wife yet liues, and I am ſhe:
And therefore iuſtly I releaſe his bands.
This man for ſuffring him theſe drugs to take,
Is likewiſe bound, releaſe him for my ſake.
This gentleman that firſt the poyſon gaue,
And this his friend to be releaſd *I* craue.
Murther there cannot be where none is kild,
Her blood is ſau'd whom you ſuppos'd was ſpild.
Father in law *I* giue you here your ſonne,
The act's to do, which you ſuppos'd was donne.
And father now ioy in your daughters life,
Whom heauen hath ſtill kept to be *Arthurs* wife.
Old Ar. O welcome, welcome, daughter now I
God by his power hath preſerued thee. (ſee,
Old Lu. And tis my wench whom *I* ſuppos'd was dead,
My ioy reuiues, and my ſad woe is fled.

Yong Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My ſoules tranſported to an extaſie,
For hope and ioy confound my memorie.
Ma. What do *I* ſee, liues *Arthurs* wife againe?
Nay then I labour for his death in vaine.
Bra. What ſecret force did in nature lurke,
That in her ſoule the poyſon would not worke?
Splay. How can it be the poyſon tooke no force?
She liues with that which wold haue kild a horſe.
Miſ. Ar. Nay ſhun me not, be not aſham'd at all,
To heauen not me, for grace and pardon fall.
Looke on me *Arthur*, bluſh not at my wrongs.
Yong Ar. Stil feare & hope my grief & woe prolongs.
But tell me by what power thou didſt ſuruiue?
with my own hands *I* temperd that vild draught
That ſent thee breathles to thy grandſires graue,
If that were poyſon *I* receiu'd from him.
Ami. That *ego neſcio*, but this dram
Receiu'd *I* of this gentleman.
The colour was to kill my Rats,
But twas my owne life to diſpatch.
Ful. Is it euen ſo, then this ambignous doubt
No man can better then my ſelfe decide.
That compound powder was of Poppie made and Man-
Of purpoſe to caſt one into a ſleepe, (drakes,
To eaſe the deadly paine of him whoſe legge
Should be ſawd off, that powder gaue I to the ſchoolmai-
Arui. And that ſame powder, euen that idem, (ſter.
You tooke from me the ſame *per ſidem*:
Yong Ar. And that ſame powder I comixt with wine,
Our godly knot of wedlock to vntwine.
Old Ar. But daughter who did take thee from thy graue?
Old Lu. Diſcourſe it daughter.
Miſ. Nay that labour ſaue. Pardon

Pardon me M. *Arthur*, I will now
Confeſſe the former frailtie of my loue.
Your modeſt wife with words *I* tempted oft,
But neither ill I could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my ſelfe
Would winne her to attend to my requeſt:
Nay after death I lou'd her, in ſo much
That to the vault where ſhe was buried,
My conſtant loue did lead me thorow the darke,
There readie to haue tane my laſt farewell,
The parting kiſſe I gaue her I felt warme,
Briefly, *I* bare her to my mothers houſe,
Where ſhe hath ſince liu'd the moſt chaſt & true,
That ſince the worlds creation eye did view.

Yong Ar. My firſt wife ſtand you here, my ſecond there,
And in the midſt my ſelfe: he that will chuſe
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me:
That haue tried both, in wealth and miſerie.
A good wife will be carefull of her fame,
Her husbands credit, and her owne good name:
And ſuch art thou. A bad wife will reſpect
Her pride, her luſt, and her good name neglect,
And ſuch art thou. A good wife will be ſtill
Induſtrious, apt to do her husbands will.
But a bad wife, croſſe, ſpightfull and madding,
Neuer keep home, but alwa[illegible]s be a gadding:
And ſuch art thou. A good [illegible]ife will conceale
Her husbands dangers, [illegible] nothing reueale
That may procure him [illegible]me, and ſuch art thou.
But a bad wife corrupt [illegible]haſt wedlocks vow.
On this hand vertue, anc [illegible]on this hand ſinne,
This who would ſtriv[illegible]looſe, or this to winne?
Here liues perpe tuall[illegible]here burning woe,
Now husbands che[illegible]on which hand you will goe.

Seeke

Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be bleſt,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are beſt.
They that my fortunes will perwſe, ſhall finde
No beauties like the beautie of the minde.

FINIS.

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